STREET-CLEANING IN EUROPE.—FIRST PAPER.—VIENNA. By Col. Geo. E. Waring, Jun.

HARPER'S WEEKLY

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RUNNING THE WILD TURKEY IN THE INDIAN TERRITORY.—DRAWN BY R. F. ZOGBAUM.

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THE RECOVERY OF THE SOUTH.

A GOOD many Southern newspapers which in the late Presidential campaign supported Mr. BRYAN have, since the election, declared that it was an act of egregious folly to make the free coinage of silver the principal plank of the Democratic platform, and that it would be still greater folly to continue the agitation in favor of free coinage after the American people had so emphatically condemned it at the polls. Some of them even go so far as to pronounce themselves frankly for the gold standard as the permanent basis of our monetary system, and for their change of position they give reasons which, in point of soundness and cogency, leave nothing to desire. This may be taken as a hopeful sign in so far as it indicates that many Southern Democrats who never believed in the silver nonsense but meekly went with their party have, after BRYAN'S defeat, recovered something like the courage of their convictions, and may now be expected to be helpful in the propagation of sound-money views among the Southern people. If they had shown that courage while the struggle was going on, and thus succeeded in defeating the Democratic and Populistic candidates in a few more of the Southern States, they would not only have done more credit to themselves, but also disarmed much of that distrust which, in consequence of the support BRYAN received among them, now overshadows the South, with the exception of Maryland, Delaware, West Virginia, and Kentucky.

However, the South, since the election, is a decidedly more promising missionary ground for a sound-money agitation than it was before; but the principal work will have to be done by Southern men, not only in the way of theoretical argument, but also by developing in the South, to the best of their ability, those economic conditions which are most favorable to the growth of sound ideas of finance. As our experience teaches us, the notion that there is not money enough in the country for the transaction of its business, and that banks are the principal instruments of the money power in "oppressing the people," and are therefore enemies of the human race, is most frequently met with where people are least accustomed to the constant use of banking facilities. It was a Southern Populist whom some years ago newspaper reports credited with the characteristic utterance that "if all the money that is in the banks were in the hands of the people, business would be lively and the people would be better off." The number of persons who have only a dim idea of people voluntarily depositing their money in banks, and of the money so deposited being kept in constant circulation by the banks lending it out, and by discounting business paper with it, is no doubt larger in the South than anywhere else in this country. Nowhere is a larger proportion of the money possessed by the people kept in small private hoards, and thus in stagnant idleness, and nowhere is, therefore, the business of the village usurer and of the sharper hovering around the county court-house, who lends on chattel mortgage at extortionate interest, more flourishing. It is not only the thriftless drone who raises the clamor about there not being "circulating medium" enough in the country, because he cannot borrow all the money he wants without having security to offer, but also a good many of the industrious farmers or small business men, who, when they are in need of money, find themselves at the mercy of rapacious blood-suckers, become thus easy victims of that financial quackery which presents the manufacturing of "cheap money" by the government as a remedy for all the social ills.

There is nothing, therefore, that would aid the propagation of sound financial ideas with the Southern people more effectually than the development among them of those facilities for the circulation of money and for proper credit arrangements which a sound and well-regulated banking system would offer. We do not mean, of course, that this would be accomplished by the setting up of a multitude of little private banks, which might in the end be but a slight, if any, improvement upon the usurers' shops now existing. But we mean the establishment in appropriate places of branches of substantial banking institutions located in the larger business centres. If it should be found that the South has not capital enough for the realization of such a scheme on as large a scale as may be desirable, we have no doubt that responsible Southern business men would, upon the presentation of well-considered plans, find Northern bankers or capitalists willing to come to their aid. It is also to be hoped that the general interest which at present is so keenly devoted to the subject of our national finances will evolve a reformation of our national banking system calculated to afford increased facilities for the satisfaction of existing requirements. To bring this about, our Southren brethren should see to it that they be in time prepared for a proper presentation of the needs of their section, and we are convinced such a presentation would command the most earnest attention of all concerned.

The uprooting of financial heresies in the South is indeed a matter of national concern. The fanaticism for the free coinage of silver prevailing in some of the mining States need not trouble us much if the power of that dangerous craze in the South be thoroughly broken. A good beginning has been made. The separation on this issue of the border States from what was once the "solid South" is a great step in advance. The present attitude of a part of the Southern press, and the decrease of the combined Democratic and Populistic vote in those Southern States which gave their electoral votes to BRYAN, are likewise good omen. But the fact that the free-coinage movement has taken possession of that party which in most of the Southern States has so long been looked upon by a large majority of the people as their ark of safety, and that so many men who at heart detested the silver folly still gave that party their support at the risk of bringing an almost irreparable disaster upon the country—this fact involves an element of danger which will not wholly disappear until the cause of sound money has become so strong in the South as to force the abandonment of the silver heresy upon Southern Democratic conventions. To bring this about, Southern and Northern men should unite in the most energetic effort.

THE COMING SESSION.

CONGRESS will meet next Monday under exceptional circumstances. The subjects that occupied most of its serious attention, if discussion is to be counted as the outward sign of serious attention, have been taken out of its hands. Mr. CLEVELAND'S financial policy has been endorsed, and the country has decided against the proposition that this government shall, independently of other nations, coin gold and silver free at the ratio of 16 to 1. Incidentally this decision means that the commercial world that is now on a gold basis will retain gold as the standard of value indefinitely, for there is no disposition in Europe to open the question of international bimetallism, and without Europe, and especially without Great Britain and Germany, international bimetallism will not be discussed by intelligent and well-informed persons. It is quite likely true, as the silver-mine-owners charge, that this has been known by some of the politicians who have been talking in favor of international bimetallism during the recent campaign. At any rate, there is an end of the silver question, and it is matter for surmise as to what some Senators will talk about. To expect, however, that Senators HARRIS, MORGAN, PUGH, CALL, VEST, STEWART, TELLER, DUBOIS, and the rest of that kind will keep still is to be blindly optimistic. STEWART may hold his peace, for he has no other subject than silver to talk about. TELLER and DUBOIS will very likely, however, have a sarcastic word or two to say to their late Republican copartisans, while the Southern contingent will readily find some trait in Mr. CLEVELAND'S character—some trait which the good people of the country admire—over which they can gnaw and snarl until the session and the administration come to an end together. But what admirable trait in the character of their archenemy will incite and inspire the waspish tongues of these malicious worthies we must wait to see. They have had their say on Mr. CLEVELAND'S issue of bonds for the purpose of maintaining the credit of the country, and the people have had their say also. Under the circumstances, and in view of the force and significance of the people's verdict, it would not be surprising if the subject of Mr. CLEVELAND'S financial policy had lost interest to the Senators who have devoted their time to pursuing him with their senile and incoherent wrath, to the wrecking of their own peace and repose of mind, to the destruction of their influence, and to the dismemberment of their party, without injuring the object of their futile wrath or swerving him a hair's-breadth from what he has regarded as the path of duty.

What is Congress to do at the coming session? A number of Republican Senators and Representatives, in interviews and in letters to the newspapers, have announced that there is no reason to suppose that the DINGLEY bill can be passed, or that any financial legislation can be enacted. While we shall regret a lame and impotent conclusion of the session, we are inclined to believe that it is true that Congress will not be able to pass any bills of importance, except the regular appropriation bills. In the first place, this is the general history of the shorter session, which tells us it is always well to expect nothing from it except appropriation bills. In the second place, although there may be very little said in the Senate on the financial policy of the President that was ratified at the polls, the recommendations that he and Mr. CARLISLE will make on this subject are those that must be considered and discussed by this Congress. It may be taken for granted that the present Senate will not be inclined to accept any suggestions or to adopt any plans that come from Mr. CLEVELAND or his Secretary of the Treasury. During the last session the Republican majority in the House of Representatives persistently refused to take any advice from the White House or the Treasury; but we are inclined to think that the leaders of that majority have seen a great light, and that they will no longer be inclined to scoff at propositions merely because they come from the President or the Secretary of the Treasury. But the House of Representatives cannot do anything alone; and since the Senate stands in the way, obstinately declining to permit the enactment of any financial bill that contains the slightest glimmer of sense or honesty, those who predict that the coming session will be fruitless are probably correct. It is not to be supposed that this Senate would even consent to the creation of a commission for the revision of our patch-work financial system, if Mr. CLEVELAND were to appoint the commissioners.

Congress, it is true, might accomplish much. It might, for example, reimpose duties on coffee and tea, and double the tax on beer, for the purpose of providing additional revenue, if it is to be assumed, without further trial, that the present highly protective tariff law cannot possibly produce revenue enough. It might pass a law which has hitherto been refused by Congress—a law to enable the Secretary of the Treasury to borrow money on short time and at the market rates whenever, for any reason, the revenues fail to equal the expenditures. It might set about the task of currency reform by retiring the greenbacks, and by making provision for replacing them with a currency that cannot be employed to deprive the Treasury of its gold whenever the credit of the country is brought into momentary disrepute by its BRYANS, its ALTGELDS, its TILLMANS, and their foolish friends in Congress. It might show, by doing all or some one of these things, on the President's recommendation, that the time for subordinating partisanship to patriotism did not come to an end with the day of election, and that Republican leaders are at last prepared to treat with the respect which is due to his worth and services the man who is not only President, but who stands for those Democrats who preferred their country to their party.

But, as we have already said, we do not expect that this Congress will do anything whatever. It will not only not enact any laws for the reform of our currency system or for the prevention of such financial ills as the silver movement has brought down upon us, but it will not enact any harmful legislation, and will, probably, not engage in any disturbing agitations. It will not, for example, pass the DINGLEY bill, which is as friendless a measure as was ever introduced in Congress—a measure that does not gratify the protectionists, and that yet offends all who have hoped that the McKINLEY act of 1890 marked the high tide of government exactions in aid of private interests. The Republicans who agreed that this half-hearted measure should be introduced in the first instance are still opposed to its enactment into law.

So far as this Congress is concerned, the business interests of the country will have every opportunity for revival that they can possibly enjoy under existing laws—no more and no less. But in view of the long time during which business has been in a state of suspended animation, and during which, too, capital has been eagerly waiting for opportunities for investment, this will probably be enough, especially as there remains the inevitable hope that the next Congress will be better than its immediate predecessors.

CUBA AND THE UNITED STATES.

There is no reason whatever within the contemplation of international law why the United States should recognize the Cuban insurgents as belligerents, and there is no reason to suppose that Mr. Cleveland will change the attitude of this government towards Spain and the insurgents in this respect. He could not do so, indeed, under existing conditions, without disregarding the rules of international law and our own treaty obligations to Spain, which he has thus far rigorously observed.

No power or people can be properly recognized as belligerents unless they are maintaining a government which the recognizing power can hold responsible for wrongs and injuries inflicted on its citizens in the course of the struggle. Have the Cubans who are serving under Maceo, Gomez, and Garcia any such status? Have they a government that is making laws and levying taxes? Have they any territory where their laws can be enforced, and whose inhabitants will pay the taxes imposed upon them? Have they a capital, a seat of government, with which this government can communicate? If an American citizen were plundered within the territory now occupied by any one of the armies of the Cuban insurrectionists, is there any responsible Cuban government from which the United States can demand redress? If the insurgents are maintaining any government of the character here outlined, it would be necessary to recognize their belligerency; but if they have no such government, to do so would be to declare a falsehood, and it would be also an injustice to our own citizens, especially to those who are carrying on commerce in the West Indian waters.

If these enthusiasts were quite frank, they would not insist that Mr. Cleveland should recognize the belligerency of the insurgents, knowing, as they must, that such action by the President would give to the Spaniards the right to search all of our merchant-vessels that were found navigating the West Indian waters. Belligerency is not a policy, it is a fact; and, moreover, it is a fact the existence of which can be shown only by proving that the party desiring recognition is possessed of an established government, such, for example, as the Confederate States of America possessed when Great Britain recognized their belligerency. If this government is to interfere on the ground that the Cubans ought to be relieved of the Spanish yoke, and ought to have their own government, or if the country is to take part in the conflict because Cuba is a desirable possession, and we need the assistance of Maceo and some of his colleagues in our Congress, quite another question is presented. It is not the recognition of belligerency that is wanted by those who favor either a sentimental or a selfish interference. Such a recognition, indeed, would not be wholly disadvantageous to Spain. What the Cuban sympathizers or Cuba-grabbers ought to cry for is an armed interference by the United States in behalf of Cuban independence. Such a cry would be intelligible, while the demand for a recognition of belligerency is the merest babbling.

There is no doubt that the people of the United States have an interest in the struggle, and that this interest will be promoted by the cessation of the ugly, obstinate, seemingly hopeless conflict that is going on. But if Spain insists on keeping up the war, against the advice and the entreaties of her friends, there is only one way for the United States to compel peace, and that way is not by telling an untruth by means of a proclamation recognizing belligerency when there is no belligerency. If, however, there is any one of influence who is eager to begin a war on Spain in behalf of Cuba, with all its European entanglements, we do not know him.

CRIBBING AT HARVARD.

The faculty of Harvard University has announced its intention to separate from the college students handing in written work not their own, and to post their names on the college bulletin boards. The offence thus to be dealt with is familiarly known as "cribbing." The Harvard faculty has determined and announced that it is dishonorable, and merits public expulsion. The conclusion thus reached is somewhat revolutionary, and the action taken has only been taken with reluctance, and after solemn thought and full discussion.

In old times at Harvard, as in most other colleges where what is known as the "honor system" in examinations does not prevail, cribbing was not regarded as dishonorable, though its expediency has always been freely questioned, even by the patrons of the practice. It used to be the custom, when written examinations were held, to garrison the examination-rooms with proctors, who patrolled the aisles, and made it their business to restrain as far as possible the propensity of the examined to cheat. The result was that it was regarded as a fair game to beat the examiners, and students of honorable character often used what furtive aids they might to eke out their halting scholarship. Only when the examinations were in some degree competitive, as where students were trying for high rank or for scholarships, was cribbing felt to involve dishonor. But conditions are declared to have changed at Harvard. The relations between instructors and students are more familiar than they used to be, and the majority of the students are believed to take their work more seriously than they once did, and to look upon their instructors more as fountains of information and less as hinderances to ease. The faculty feels that there are certain childish things that ought to be put away from Harvard forever, and cribbing is one of them. Hence this severe penalty for an offence which, it seems, is still very prevalent among the more frivolous undergraduates.

It will be interesting to know how this new rule works. The faculty may expel students caught cribbing, but it cannot make an act dishonorable by proclaiming it to be so. The body that settles what is deemed honorable and what is not in a college is the undergraduates. A faculty may dismiss but it cannot disgrace a man. His appeal is to his fellows, and unless they concur in the judgment the man is not disgraced. Nevertheless, cribbing is a malodorous practice, and expulsion is a grave penalty, and a lad expelled from college for cribbing will have to make many more explanations than he cares to if he would demonstrate that he is not unfit to be trusted. Even if he can convince his friends that in general concerns he is not a cheat, he will still find it difficult to disperse the suspicion that he is lacking in sound sense. If the penalty for cribbing at Harvard is to be so severe, it would seem that cribbing will not pay. If the jury-trial system prevailed at Harvard, it might turn out that the punishment was so disproportionate to the crime that the law could not be enforced; but since the faculty is judge, jury, and sheriff, the new rule may be expected to work, and ought to help the situation.

FEUDALISM IN GERMANY.

In a country where the divinity that hedges kings is still affirmed by law, and lèse-majesté, in the old sense, is still a substantial crime, we ought to be prepared for queer anachronisms. The Hohenzollerns have no doubts about the divine rights of kings, and are prepared to maintain them to all lengths. It is customary to treat the present Kaiser as the direct offspring of that amiable old martinet his grandfather, and to regard his father, "Frederick the Good," as a casual aberration from the hereditary qualities of the house. Yet in fact the second Emperor was as stiff a Hohenzollern as any of them, in spite of his being in many ways an enlightened modern man. While he was still Crown-Prince he said, in a published interview, that "we," ostensibly meaning Germany, but really having in mind the royal house of Prussia, "stood in the modern world for the principle of authority." The tone of the official manifesto which he issued, we believe, after his accession, was the same. It was quite that of an Elector of Brandenburg of the seventeenth century. The monarch, it in effect set forth, had concluded to grant enlarged privileges to his lieges, not because he recognized that democracy had become the ruler of the modern world and it was expedient to defer to it, but out of his royal condescension and singular good pleasure, quite in the manner of the good old times. That this is the mental habit and attitude of his son and successor has been made abundantly plain.

It is necessary to bear these things in mind in order to understand at all the nature of the excitement that has been stirred up in Germany by the killing of an artisan at Carlsruhe by a German officer, and the proceedings had upon that occurrence by a court martial. An American does not without great difficulty comprehend that there can be a civilized country in which the law—even the military law in time of peace, apart from mere military discipline—can be a respecter of persons, and the killing of one of the unprivileged classes by one of the privileged classes be differently regarded by a tribunal of justice than if it were the other way about. But it is necessary to make this mental effort in order to understand the excitement which has been raised in the public mind in Germany, and reflected in the debates of the Reichstag, over the inadequate punishment of Lieutenant von Brusewitz for wilful murder. We had recent examples of the pretensions of German officialdom. Nay, we need not leave our own shores to find instances of a similar spirit. A few years ago, in our Southern States, "insolence" on the part of a negro towards a white man was esteemed to be a capital offence, to be immediately expiated by the death of the insulter at the hands of the insulted. It has been maintained even before committees of Congress that this punishment was proper and necessary to maintain the social order.

A similar view is taken in Germany by the privileged classes in respect of the unprivileged. A nobleman has more and other rights than a common person, and as soldiering is the only business in which a nobleman can engage without derogating from his dignity, an officer of the army is *ex officio* noble, whether or not he has happened to be born so. The malefactor who supplies the most modern instance of this comfortable belief would appear, from his prefatory "von," to be noble by right of birth, but whether he be so or not, he is noble by right of his profession. When a common person jostles him it appears that he has no choice but to put the common person to death. If he were jostled by his equal he could challenge the jostler, but as a duel with an artisan is out of the question, he must kill the artisan without formality. It is explained that if he did not thus resent the infraction of his dignity he would be put in Coventry by his fellow-nobles. It is this consideration, doubtless, which led a tribunal of officers and gentlemen and nobles to treat the homicide as a peccadillo.

It is no wonder that the sentence should have aroused indignation in Germany. It is, in fact, the work of a privileged class acting as judges in a case between themselves and the unprivileged classes. The vague and unsatisfactory character of the promises of reform in the military law which alone are vouchsafed to an indignant people furnishes clear proof that the sympathies of the Emperor are with the noble murderer rather than with the plebeian victim. A mediæval ruling class in a modern nation is an anachronism that progressive and enlightened Germany will not and should not long endure.

DORMITORIES FOR COLUMBIA.

The trustees of Columbia University have taken a highly interesting and important step in authorizing the treasurer of the university to receive gifts for the purchase of land near the university's new site and the erection of dormitories for students. The dormitory question has long been discussed by Columbia's friends, but the settlement of it has been deferred by the trustees until provision had been made for the educational needs of the university on its new site. Now that the chief difficulties of removal have been met, and it seems settled that professors and classes will have the necessary new roofs over them next fall, the need and expediency of dormitories have been recognized, and if any donor wants to give one there is nothing now to hinder the acceptance of his gift.

Columbia has been so used to being regarded as a college for New York lads who live at home, that its need of dormitories may not be appreciated. Out of the 1871 students registered in the university's books this year, 863 come from New York, 177 from Brooklyn, 502 from the Middle States (including of course the New York suburbs), 103 from New England, and 226 from the West and from foreign countries. Certainly 500 of these students are too far from home to go back and forth every day, and they must board in town. Very many of the rest, though perhaps they can manage to go back and forth daily from their class-rooms to their homes, would prefer to live in dormitories, and would find a residence near the college buildings very saving of their time and advantageous to their studies. There is no question, therefore, about the demand for dormitories by students.

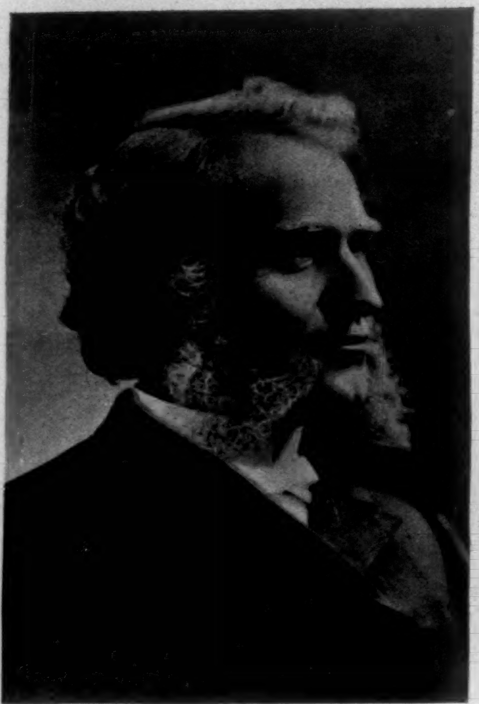
There is not much question either about the great advantage it is to a university to have its students gathered close about it and under its own wings. It is well that college students, while they are in college, should be a little removed from the contact and influences of the work-a-day world, that so their minds may be the more receptive to new interests and new thoughts. It is good for them to rub together and to live together; to live in sight of their alma mater's material contours, and to round their sharp points off against her walls. They will stay plenty long enough out in the world when they have left her. That they should stick pretty close to her and to one another while they may is good for them and a source of strength to her.

Columbia's new site, with the river near by, and a great gymnasium in prospect, is fit to be the centre of a vigorous young life. It will be much to the university's advantage if she can find the means to secure the necessary land for her dormitories at once, and before it is used for other buildings.

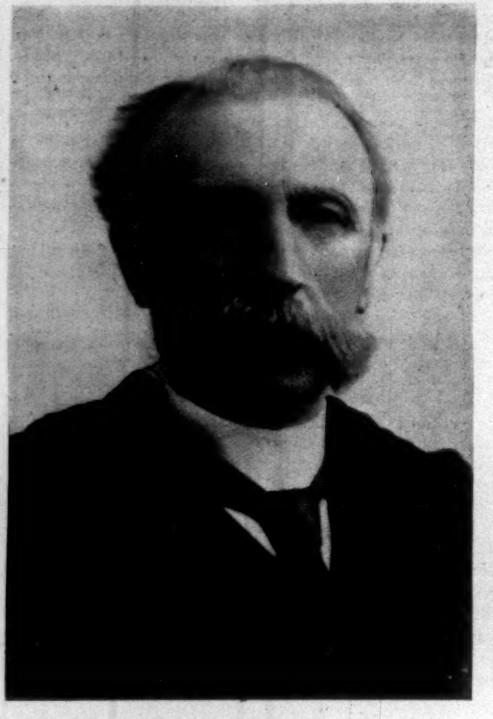
FOOTBALL AND SCHOLARSHIP.

The game of football has excited the usual amount of interest during the last few weeks, and the public matches between the rival university teams have come to an end amid the customary outburst of noise, and with the usual accompaniment of criticism by those who do not love the game. We are glad to say that we are not among these, nor are we of those who believe that the great public matches ought to be stopped. The mercenary atmosphere that emanates from gate-money is bad, and so is the luxury which is the inevitable consequence of the profuse expenditure permitted by the enormous sums paid by the public for the privilege of seeing the great games. But all this may be easily remedied, and it is distinctly good for the public that it should take a lively interest in this manly and improving sport.

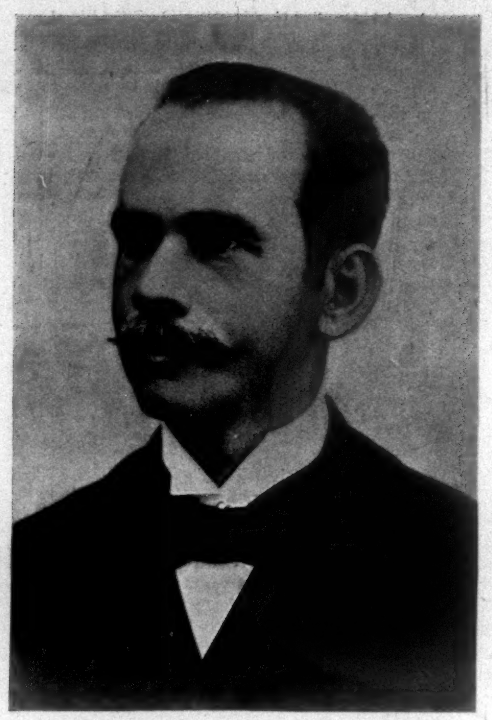
We are quite ready to believe, moreover, that university and college authorities are looking more sharply after the scholarship of their athletes. There is certainly no incompatibility between excellence in athletics and excellence in the class-room. The history of college teams and crews proves this to be true. There are men who have just come from the football field who stand high in their classes, and who have lost nothing in scholarship rank by reason of the games and matches that they have played. There is at least one of these men who stands easily at the head of his class. Faculties realize that they must see to it that there shall be no loss of scholarship, and no discredit to scholarship, by reason of intercollegiate athletics. Only the other day the Ohio University authorities compelled the captain of the football team to resign his captaincy because he had fallen behind in his studies. No doubt, in recent times, there has been a disposition on the part of professors, most of whom are human and proud of their institutions, to overlook ignorance and stupidity when manifested by a strong-armed oarsman, a cool-headed quarter-back, or a cunning pitcher, but the day of the scholar is surely coming again; for while professors who are fit instructors of youth are proud of their teams, and dearly love a victory of brawn for their colleges, at the bottom scholarship is really their ideal, and they will make it the ideal of the institutions in which they teach. The time will come, we have no doubt, when the athlete will be subordinated to the scholar in even the most bubbling of undergraduate minds, and then we can say: "What if there was too much worship of brawn for a time? It followed the worship of what was considered mind, but was really sentimentality, and some of it maudlin at that. Out of all has come a practical exposition of the old Roman ideal, a sound mind in a sound body."



REV. JOSEPH C. HARTZELL, D.D.,
Missionary Bishop for Africa, of the Methodist Episcopal Church.



CHARLES C. NOTT,
Chief Justice of the Court of Claims.



DR. MANUEL VICTORINO PEREIRA,
President of Brazil.

THE NEW METHODIST BISHOP FOR AFRICA.

THE Rev. Joseph C. Hartzell, D.D., missionary Bishop for Africa, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, sails from New York December 9 for his far-away diocese. Bishop Hartzell was elected to this office at the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church held in Cleveland, Ohio, last May, and has been spending the intervening months in the study of his vast field and in preparation for his first visitation of it. He goes to Africa as the successor of the intrepid William Taylor, whose labors as a world-wide evangelist have added lustre to the story of missionary endeavor, and who, having reached the age of seventy-five, and having been declared "non-effective" by the governing body of his Church, is to-day prosecuting a vigorous and successful evangelistic campaign in South Africa, where thirty years ago he preached to the Kaffirs.

Bishop Hartzell was born in Moline, Illinois, in 1842, and is a graduate of Illinois Wesleyan University and of Garrett Biblical Institute. He joined the ranks of the Methodist ministry in 1868, and began preaching in Pekin, Illinois. Two years later he went to New Orleans as pastor of Ames Methodist Episcopal Church, and soon became identified with the colored people of the South. He championed their interests, and served them with unswerving fidelity in many critical situations. In 1882 he was chosen assistant corresponding secretary of the Freedmen's Aid and Southern Education Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church—an organization which devotes its energies to the intellectual, social, and religious elevation of the colored people of the South. He spent fourteen years in this important work, and had the satisfaction of seeing his efforts in behalf of the freedmen crowned with marvellous success. The Church placed him in full charge, as Secretary, in 1888. He was chosen Bishop for Africa by the General Conference last May.

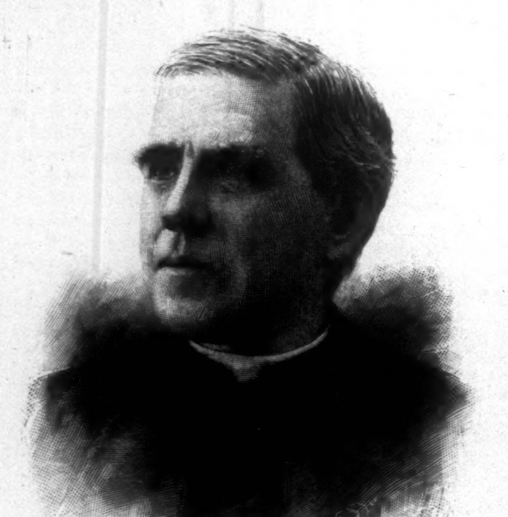
It is Bishop Hartzell's plan to spend about two weeks in London, Berlin, and Brussels, seeking information which will aid him in his work. He will sail from Liverpool December 30, and reach Liberia January 20. On February 3 he will open the Liberia Conference, then visit all the mission stations in Liberia, and spend March and April in the Congo region, holding the Congo Conference the first week in May. Then he will go to South Africa, and later visit the missions on the east coast. Returning, he will visit all the stations a second time, and reach this country in the spring of 1898. His family will not accompany him.

THE CHIEF JUSTICE OF THE COURT OF CLAIMS.

CHARLES C. NOTT, who has just been appointed by President Cleveland Chief Justice of the Court of Claims, was born in New York in 1827. His father was Professor Joel B. Nott, and his grandfather President Eliphalet Nott, of Union College, where he was graduated in 1848. He studied law with J. V. L. Pruyn, and began to practise in New York in 1850, being associated with his cousin, Clarkson N. Potter. He was active in the organization of the Republican party, was its candidate for Judge of Common Pleas in 1859, and wrote Mr. Lincoln, inviting him to come to New York to deliver his famous Cooper Union speech. He entered the service at the breaking out of the war, as Captain of the Fifth Iowa Cavalry, and after hard service in the West was commissioned Colonel of the 176th New York Volunteers, which he took to New Orleans. He was a prisoner of war in Texas for thirteen months. While in the service he wrote for the public schools of New York, of which he was a trustee, an account of his experiences, which, under the title of *The Cavalry Saddle and the Prison Camp*, ran through several editions, and was translated into German by an officer of the German army, on account of its clear and vivid pictures of the war and of military operations. In February, 1865, President Lincoln, unsolicited, appointed Colonel Nott a judge of the Court of Claims, then a new tribunal, and the first and only one which has ever existed for the determination of the rights of citizens against the government. This was the last judicial appointment Mr. Lincoln made. To the adjudication of the controversies which arose there, of great variety, involving very large sums, and questions of constitutional, international, and statute law, many of them new to jurisprudence, Judge Nott brought marked ability, patient industry, and a judicial temper. His opinions, extending from the first volume of Court of Claims Reports down to the thirty-first, show great learning, convincing reasoning, and a terse and lucid style, and have been potent in giving definite shape to what was a misty and unknown branch of the law, of great importance to all having business relations with the government. Judge Nott's service on the bench has been of longer duration than that of any Federal judge now sitting, except Judge Field of the Supreme Court, and his appointment is universally recognized as eminently fitting in itself, and as a proper recognition by the President of long, faithful, and meritorious service. Judge Nott has done a good deal of literary work, and has published, in addition to his military sketches, a translation of "The Seven Great Hymns," volumes one to thirty-one Court of Claims Reports, and numerous pamphlets, reviews, and literary articles. He is a member of the Philosophical Society, the Loyal Legion, and the Army and Navy Club of Washington. He married a daughter of the late Dr. Mark Hopkins.

THE NEW RECTOR OF THE CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY.

THE Rev. Thomas J. Conaty, D.D., who has been selected by Leo XIII. to succeed Bishop John J. Keane as rector of the Catholic University, was born in Ireland on August 1, 1847. He came to this country with his parents when he was three years old, and was educated in the public schools of Taunton, Massachusetts, at Montreal College, at the Jesuit College of the Holy Cross at Worcester, Massachusetts, where he was graduated in 1869, and at St. Joseph's Theological Seminary, Troy, New York.



REV. THOMAS J. CONATY, D.D.,
Rector of the Catholic University.

Ordained in 1872, he became rector of the New Parish of the Sacred Heart in South Worcester, 1880, where he has since remained. For some years he has been at the head of the Catholic Summer School at Plattsburg, New York.

As editor and publisher of the *Catholic School Gazette*, the new rector of the university has been naturally a strong supporter of the parochial schools. He has been prominent in Irish Nationalist matters in this country, and was treasurer of the Parnell Parliamentary Fund. In temperance matters Dr. Conaty has also been prominent, having lectured throughout the country. He was the founder and first president of the Total Abstinence Union of the diocese of Springfield, and was for two terms president of the National Union. In 1889 he received the degree of Doctor of Divinity from the University of Georgetown, D. C.

Dr. Conaty is said to be a man well schooled in the theology of St. Thomas Aquinas, and of sound learning and philosophy. He is strongly American; and speaking a few days ago, in Boston, on "Ideal Americanism," he said that the Church he represented had not a fibre in it hostile to America, that it was as open as the Constitution to read. He wished no man to be allowed to set class against class in this State of ours. "Let us go on together," he continued; "let us strive to be ideal Americans—many in one: many of faith, but one in citizenship; many in politics, loving liberty, protecting it in ourselves, and seeing to it that others protect it also—then shall we have the true ideal Americanism."

BRAZIL'S NEW PRESIDENT.

DR. MANUEL VICTORINO PEREIRA, who became chief executive of Brazil by the retirement of President Prudente de Moraes, was born in the state of Bahia, on January 30, 1854. He has risen to his present station by his own unaided efforts.

He attended the public schools of Bahia until he had reached the age of fourteen years. He studied to prepare himself for admission to the College of Medicine, which he entered in 1871. His father was a cabinet-maker, and the son earned enough to support himself and to pay for his education by acting as tutor to some of his fellow-students.

In 1876 he was graduated with honors; six months later he won a professorship in a competitive examination, and shortly after made a tour of the hospitals in the principal cities of Germany, France, Italy, and Switzerland. Upon his return he was chosen to be President of the Medical College of Bahia, and to-day he is recognized as the foremost physician in Brazil.

The public career of President Pereira began in 1885, when he became editor of the *Diario de Bahia*, in which paper he at once commenced a vigorous campaign for the abolition of chattel slavery. To him is no small measure of credit due that that terrible institution was finally eradicated. That he was held in high esteem is shown by his appointment by the Emperor Dom Pedro to the Vice-Presidency of Bahia, a position which he declined to accept, declaring that he was a republican.

When the federal republic was organized Senhor Pereira was a leader in the movement, and after the overthrow of Dom Pedro was appointed by the provisional republican government to be Governor of Bahia. He refused this position, but the government insisted that it was his duty to accept it, and he finally did, though with great reluctance.

After retiring from the governorship he was elected to the Senate, in which he became noted as an orator. At the convention of the federal republicans in 1893 Senhor Pereira was nominated for the Vice-Presidency, and Senhor Moraes for the higher office. They were elected in 1894 for a term expiring in 1898. Senhor Moraes was compelled to retire from office because of his illness, and Senhor Pereira became the executive of the youngest of the South American republics.

His personal popularity is great. He announced upon taking office that he would pursue an uncompromisingly American policy.

LAW.

Paintings Copyright, 1896, by Frederick Dielman.

HISTORY.

Photographs Copyright, 1896, by Curtis & Cameron.

MR. FREDERICK DIELMAN'S DECORATIVE PANELS FOR THE CONGRESSIONAL LIBRARY, WASHINGTON, D. C.

PAINTING AND SCULPTURE IN THE CONGRESSIONAL LIBRARY.

VII.—THE DECORATIONS OF MR. FREDERICK DIELMAN.

The two panels by Mr. Frederick Dielman, of which reproductions are herewith presented, fall inevitably into the series of decorations for the Congressional Library which have been discussed in Harper's Weekly from time to time; yet they are neither sculptures nor, in the strict sense of the term, paintings. They are mosaics. But they possess obviously the character of pictorial art, and in their position they fulfil practically the same mission as that of a painting upon canvas. They have color; they have atmosphere. They have, too, to go straight to the point, merits which quite justify the employment of a medium not often used for the same purpose in America. Pictorial mosaic is an old story in Italy; and in Venice particularly, where these panels were executed, the art of putting a really elaborate motive into such enduring form is to this day carried to a high degree of finish. Travellers will recall the modern panels introduced in the façade of San Marco, and possibly many who have studied those mosaics, as well as the examples in the façade of the Florentine Duomo, have wondered why the same decorative expedient was not used more by American architects. To put a famous painting into mosaic, as has been done by the Vatican workmen for the altars of St. Peter's, is, on the whole, a doubtful thing to do; but when a design is deliberately made for the mosaic worker, its details being rightly adapted to the facts of his material, a good result is bound to be secured.

Mr. Dielman confirms this last assumption, and he even improves upon the work of those painters in Italy, Barabino and others, who have been most conspicuous for their decorative achievements. He has not amplified their idea, which is, indeed, as old as antiquity, but he has escaped the spectacular element and the over-crowded style, as of an art trying to do too much, which somehow diminish the legitimate value of such panels as may be encountered every here and there from Venice to Naples. He has made his compositions simple and massive. They would look well on canvas. They lose nothing by being executed on a plan permitting far less subtlety. In fact, there have been no compositions by Mr. Dielman on any scale or in any form which have been more satisfactory than these dignified works, destined to go over the mantels in one of the Congressional reading-rooms. Both panels are admirably poised, admirably proportioned. "Law" is enthroned in the first decoration upon a dais that is itself a happy idea, striking aptly the architectural note of the whole scheme, and the imposing figure binds together two groups which continue this structural feeling. "Industry," "Peace," and "Truth" on the one side, "Fraud," "Discord, and "Violence" on the other, are unmistakably contrasted in all that their personalities can symbolize; but as factors in a decorative whole they balance one another beautifully. There is no monotony in this balance, either. The differences in the attitudes are slight enough to leave the equilibrium of the composition undisturbed, yet the seven figures are artlessly placed, and the mosaic has the proper animation, the proper vitality.

The panel dedicated to "History" is less animated, perhaps, but it is no less successful in its grouping; and here again the central figure is shown against a background which could not have been more ingeniously, more effectively contrived. The throne, with its heavy inscribed arms and two curving extensions, finds a happy culmination in the pillars and pediment of the distant Parthenon, and the graceful Muse who stands erect at this point possesses a carriage and a demeanor which are in accord with their noble setting. "Mythology" and "Tradition," the latter accompanied by a youth in whom the artist aims to suggest "a possible future singer or poet," are seated with a naturalness of pose and gesture which makes this, like the companion panel, seem a thoroughly spontaneous production. Altogether, Mr. Dielman has accomplished with tact and skill a task which was not easy. To be impossible in mosaic is a fatally easy thing. Even in mere formal design architects and their decorative assistants often go astray. Here a pictorial scheme of some complexity and unquestionable impressiveness has been carried out as though the materials used were no obstruction whatever, and the Library is enriched by decorations which add to intrinsic excellence the virtue of demonstrating how well a difficult piece of work can be done. The art of pictorial mosaic-working ought to receive some impetus from the demonstration.

Royal Cortissoz.

TO AN AUTOGRAPH HUNTER.

You call yourself a fiend, but truly 'tis not so:
You are a joy forever, friend indeed, not foe!

For as I look upon your modest kind, and think
With how great industry you daily ply your ink

And pen in sending o'er the land your mild requests
To poet, statesman, any one who interests,

I can't but in my secret, inmost soul admire
A class of folk some crabbed wights consider dire.

Nay, more than this, O self-styled fiend, on many a day
When far from home and me my Muse would go astray,

And time has hung right heavy on my idle hands,
You've chanced to keep me busy with your small demands.

And in this world so full of sin and woe and strife
To busy be I count the greatest joy of life.

Should Satan fail to give the idle work to do,
Let him retire and leave his glorious task to you.

John Kendrick Bangs.

THIS BUSY WORLD

DR. JOHN WATSON (alias Ian Maclaren), who seems to be making himself very agreeable to the Americans, is quoted as expressing his surprise at "the keen and widespread interest that appears to be felt everywhere in this country in the people of Scotland—in their literature, their habits and circumstances, and their character." He is at loss to account for it, and does not find a sufficient reason in the writings of Scotch authors. He has noticed the same interest in the Scotch, he says, everywhere he has gone in Europe, and especially in France, and he suspects that Scots, though few in numbers, must have certain marked peculiarities and characteristics which appeal to other peoples.

There is no doubt that a strong interest is felt in this country in the Scotch. Two powerful reasons for it appear in the writings of Walter Scott and Robert Burns, which, especially the Waverley Novels, are extraordinarily familiar to Americans of all grades and degrees. There are not enough Scotch to excite jealousy anywhere, and it is the truth that those we have include a remarkably large percentage of valuable people. "Canny," "douce," "hard-headed," are the descriptive adjectives which most familiarly qualify Scotchmen. They *are* interesting. They have thrift, and are as competent to take care of themselves as any people on earth. They have piety, which is highly respected, albeit it sometimes runs into bigotry. They have lively intellectual interests, too, and even the avarice with which they are sometimes credited has never led them to undervalue scholarship. And then they are a people of sentiment; they love Scotland, love poetry, and prize friendship and filial affection. They are not English enough to be entangled as Americans by overmuch sympathy with Great Britain, and the differences between their mother-country and England have been so far healed and forgotten as not to be a source of disturbance or uneasiness to their fellow-patriots here. The more Dr. Watson finds out about the people of Scotch descent in the United States, the better pleased he will be with the position they have made for themselves. They are a highly reputable lot of people, as to whom all the creditable stories that are told excite no surprise, and most of the less creditable are doubted and forgotten.

There are prospects of a disturbance in ecclesiastical circles over a Roman Catholic chapel that is in process of construction on the military reservation at West Point. Among the soldiers in the garrison at West Point there are a number of Catholics, who have been used to go to church in Highland Falls, but some time since the priest there got permission from the Secretary of War to build a chapel for their accommodation on government land. The permit, it is said, was for a temporary chapel, but it is reported that the foundations which have begun to be laid on the strength of it are exceptionally solid and enduring. Divers Protestants have viewed them with dissatisfaction, and something like an alarm has been sent out, and has found response in Methodist and Baptist churches in New York. The objection to the chapel, as stated, is that it is the first attempt to establish anything like a denominational church at West Point, and that no building on the reservation should be allowed to be devoted to any other ecclesiastical use than an unsectarian worship of God. The facts in the case are not clear enough to warrant an opinion on the merits of it, but so far as understood they seem to afford ample materials for a very pretty religious difference.

The corner-stone of the new club-house of the New York Athletic Club, at the corner of Central Park South and Sixth Avenue, was laid last Saturday. The location of the house provides for what every contemporaneous New York athlete must have—a place to keep his bicycle.

In the *Evening Post* of November 25, contributions from 246 donors for an emergency fund for the University Settlement were acknowledged. The total amount received at that time was nearly $7500.

The first public service of the American Guild of Organists, held on the evening of November 24 in St. Bartholomew's Church in New York, included an address by Bishop Potter on church music. Six notable organists and a chorus of 100 voices took part, and the members of the Guild attended in a body in academic robes. The quality of the order of service which seemed most notable to a layman was its religious spirit. One of the aims of the Guild is to secure "unity of purpose and fellowship of life between ministers and choirs," and in this public service this purpose was emphasized.

The Prison Association, at 135 East Fifteenth Street, New York, says it never had so many demands for help as now, and asks for contributions of cast-off clothing, boots and shoes, household utensils, and especially for books and periodicals, to send to county jails, where there is enforced and dangerous idleness. One branch of the Association's work is to help discharged prisoners and prisoners' families. Intending donors may have their gifts called for if they will send a postal card to the Association's office.

East Hall, the new residence hall of the New York University College, which was opened to a private view on Thanksgiving day, is a handsome, simple, and dignified building, which looks externally, in a picture, as though it might have stood where it is for a century. In size it is 150 feet by 48. It is the first of five residence halls for which the plans provide sites on the new grounds at University Heights.

Virtue being traditionally its own reward, the man who makes a good fight in a worthy cause doubtless finds in the fight itself some return for his pains. But if his efforts are appreciated where they ought to be, so much the better for him and for his public. The fight that Mr. Caspar Whitney has made and is constantly keeping up against the spirit and methods of professionalism in amateur sport has been hard, and not without disagreeable incidents. But it has been an admirable fight for an object that is worth while, and every sign that it is appreciated and effectual is welcome. Such a token appeared in the action taken a year ago by the Southern Inter-collegiate Athletic Association, which, at its annual meeting in December, 1895, passed this resolution:

> *Resolved*, That this Association in annual meeting assembled assures Mr. Caspar W. Whitney, athletic editor of HARPER'S WEEKLY, of its unqualified approval and endorsement of his war on professionalism in amateur athletics.

Commenting on this action, the Sewanee (Tennessee) *Purple* says, in a recent issue:

> This was a most timely and commendable resolution. Mr. Whitney has been contending for a long time in behalf of pure college athletics, and in his department of HARPER'S WEEKLY has pointed out the evils of professionalism, and urged the college world at large to take steps towards abolishing it. The good he has done has been almost incalculable. The large circulation and high standing of the WEEKLY, together with the fairness and ability with which the athletic articles are written, have made them a power in the college world, and one to which all the colleges throughout the country should be grateful.
>
> Mr. Whitney and HARPER'S WEEKLY deserve the sincere thanks and praise of all true college men in the much-needed work of renovating and purifying our amateur athletics.

Mr. Whitney is now very generally recognized and trusted by inter-collegiate athletes as a just and competent authority, with a single eye to the promotion of the highest interests of clean sport.

Italo Campanini, the once famous tenor, who died on November 23, at Parma, Italy, had a varied and highly interesting experience of the triumphs and vicissitudes of life. He sang at one time for eighty cents a night, and at another for a thousand dollars. In one season (with Henry E. Abbey) he is said to have been paid $50,000, but he died poor, as well as voiceless. He was a blacksmith's son, born in Parma in 1846, and was brought up to his father's trade, which he first left when fourteen years old to go soldiering under Garibaldi. He went back to his anvil after the war, but his vocal abilities were soon discovered by a musician, who happened to hear him sing, and set him to a course of study as a free pupil in the Parma conservatory. At about the age of twenty-one he began as an opera-singer. He had some success, and made an engagement to travel in Russia at about $24 a month, but returned presently to Milan, and studied further with Lamperti. After a year's application he appeared in La Scala in *Faust*, and was greatly successful. He sang under Colonel Mapleson in London in 1872, and the next year came to this country, where he was a highly important member of the notable company which included Nilsson, Annie Louise Cary, Capoul, and Maurel. At that time his voice was at its best, and he was the greatest tenor of the day. His répertoire, too, was remarkable, and included eighty operas. In 1877 he came back here, and for six years was very popular and successful as the leading tenor in the old Academy of Music. He was a powerful actor, too, having profited by the instruction of Salvini. After that his voice began to fail, for he took bad care of himself, and the rest of his story is the record of unsuccessful and costly efforts to go on after his career was finished.

ITALO CAMPANINI.
Photographed by Falk.

Personally he was simple and unaffected, much liked by many friends, and exceedingly popular on ample grounds with the public. He bought an estate near Parma when money was plenty with him, and though his later losses ate into it, part of it was still left to him when he died.

What strange things one hears about Kansas! Topeka, a city of about 35,000 inhabitants, is credited with having over 400 deserted wives, who appeal to charitable organizations for work or help for themselves and their children. A charitable society which is quoted as the source of this statement attributes the state of things to hard times "and the general worthlessness of the men." Matters are made worse by the frequency of divorce, which is cheap and abundant in Topeka, on easy grounds. It was in Topeka that the Kansas Equal Suffrage Association met on November 12 and decided to ask the State Legislature to grant to Kansas women the right to vote for President. The association announced that it had grown tired of begging for favors, and proposed to become a lively factor in Kansas politics—as if there was any factor in Kansas politics that was not lively! There are so many voters now in Kansas who vote wrong that it is hard to see how equal suffrage could do that State any great harm, especially in view of the "general worthlessness of the men," as revealed by Topeka's 400 deserted wives.

The Common Council of New York have passed a resolution prohibiting bicyclists from carrying infants under five years old on their machines, under penalty of ten dollars fine for each offence. There is a difference of opinion as to whether it is good for infants to go out with their parents on bicycles or not. Fathers who want to take their babies along say that it is good for the children, and that they like it. Most other people say that it is dangerous and unwholesome, and some doctors have been found to express the opinion that the jar of a bicycle is very bad for young babies. What the Mayor thinks about it will appear presently, when the resolution comes to him to be signed.

In the course of a paper on "Evolution *versus* Revolution in Politics," read by Dr. Andrew D. White at the annual meeting of Phi Beta Kappa Alumni, on November 23, in New York, Dr. White showed himself to be impressed, as most thinking people have been this year, by the need of the development of a superior political and industrial intelligence among the people of this country. He advised rich men to use their spare money in establishing new professorships in colleges and universities for the promotion of studies devoted to the advancement of the industries of the age. That advice is likely to be taken, for there seems to be nothing for which rich Americans are more ready to give money than for the diffusion of all sorts of knowledge. Also, he found fault with American newspapers because they printed such meagre reports of the proceedings of Congress. The complaint seems justified, but whether any improvement will be made seems uncertain. Every morning during sessions of Parliament the London *Times* prints a full and accurate report of every word spoken in Parliament the night before. Nothing like so full a report of the proceedings in Congress is printed, or is likely to be printed, in any American newspaper. Perhaps if the capital of this country were its metropolis, the metropolitan newspapers would print fuller reports of the doings of Congress than they do; but as things are, our editors would assure Mr. White that they print now fuller reports of Congress than their readers will read, and that it would be a waste of space to print more. The way to get fuller Congressional reports would seem to be to make the proceedings of Congress more interesting—perhaps by abolishing "leave to print," and by such an amendment of the rules as would do away with talking against time. The thought of having any American newspaper loaded down with verbatim reports of such a debate as that which preceded the repeal of the silver-purchase law is very dreadful to contemplate. Still, there is a happy mean, and it is true enough not only that newspapers should publish adequate reports of the doings of Congress, but that responsible voters should make it their business to read such reports and know what is going on.

The State Department has received from United States Consul Man, at Bergen, Norway, photographs of the monument erected at the instance of King Oscar of Sweden and Norway on the spot near Bergen where Mr. and Mrs. Youmans were drowned last July. The monument, of rough granite, seven feet high, bears this inscription, in Norwegian:

> "Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Youmans, of New York, met their death here by an accident, on the Fourth of July, 1896. God's grace be with them."

On the reverse side is this inscription—

> "Oscar the Second erected this memorial."

Our minister to Sweden has been directed to express the President's appreciation of King Oscar's graceful and sympathetic action.

Mr. Bryan has been hunting, and got home alive and left for Denver the same evening. He seems to be full of activities, and it is charged that he intends to publish a book early next year which will contain his views on finance and on the recent campaign and election, a biography of him by Mrs. Bryan, and special contributions from various political leaders, including, it may be, Mr. George Fred Williams and Mr. John Sheehan.

Another purpose which is attributed to Mr. Bryan is to deliver a series of non-partisan lectures, beginning at Atlanta, Georgia, about Christmas-time. It is not quite clear whether "non-partisan" is intended to mean non-political or not.

Mr. Bryan has shown himself to be an exceedingly active person, and it was not to be expected that he would hibernate this winter.

One of the reforms which is credited to the bicycle is that it has put reasonable and sensible shoes on women's feet. No woman can bike comfortably in French heels, or in a shoe that does injustice to her toes. The foot that treads the pedal must have a fair chance for liberty and the pursuit of happiness. It cannot be cramped or pinched, or perched on any insecure foundation. It must have fair play, and neither fashion nor personal vanity thwarts its demand.

The Loomis Sanitarium, near Liberty, in Sullivan County, which was dedicated on November 20, is the outgrowth of a free hospital for incurable consumptives established by the late Dr. A. L. Loomis in Thirty-eighth Street. So many patients came to that hospital who might be cured that it was determined, if possible, to establish a sanitarium in a suitable location, not too far from New York, where patients in the incipient stages of phthisis might be cured. This purpose was carried out after Dr. Loomis's death. The site chosen was in Sullivan County, 2200 feet above the sea-level. An administration building was given by Mr. J. P. Morgan, a casino by Mrs. George Lewis, and cottages by Mr. William D. Sloane, and others. The sanitarium was informally opened last June, and has been over-crowded with patients, whose improvement in health has sufficiently attested the beneficial effects of the climate. The buildings so far erected have been built as memorials. The managers report urgent need of more cottages, which cost between three and four thousand dollars apiece. All the managers are women, the president being Mrs. Richard Irvin, 514 Fifth Avenue.

The Sunday-school Association of the North Side (of Greater New York) has started a normal class for Sunday-school teachers, in which a novel course of instruction is given. Sunday-school teachers are used to be taught to know the Bible, but in this class the intention is to go further and teach them also to know the child. The class is under the direction of Dr. Walter L. Hervey, president of the Teachers' College, Columbia University, whose undertaking, as stated, is to guide it in the study of child nature, of the elements of pedagogics, and of the ends of Sunday-school teaching. This work, undertaken in the broadest spirit by an expert instructor, unconfused by theological conventions and subtleties, seems the expression of a new idea, and may be, as is hoped, an indication of a new era in Sunday-school work. The class gets its instruction in the form of six lectures.

Boston seems not to be universally delighted with the pictures by Puvis de Chavannes in the Public Library. It is true that "the triumph of the ideal is forcibly revealed" by them to the *Transcript*, but the (Boston) *Herald* finds it "difficult to take them seriously as works of art, for it insists that they are faulty in drawing, bad in modelling, and surprisingly weak, not to say puerile, in technique."

We are too apt to think of Boston as a unit, with definite and ascertained convictions on all subjects. The obvious truth is that there are many men in that city, and many men traditionally have many minds. The doctors disagree there among themselves as they do elsewhere, and the unlearned besides often disagree with all the doctors.

E. S. MARTIN.

FOREIGN NOTES.

The death of Mr. George Lane-Fox is interesting merely because his life was typical. He was not in any sense a distinguished Englishman, but he was a splendid specimen of the old country squire. For forty-eight years he was the master of the Bramham Moor hounds, one of the finest of the Yorkshire packs, and during all that time he hunted the country admirably. He was fond of shooting and fishing, an enthusiastic game-preserver, a successful cattle-breeder, and an out-and-out Tory. He lived almost entirely on his Yorkshire estates, only visiting London when a meet of the Four-in-hand Club or the sale of a crack stud offered an adequate return for the desertion of his native moors. London was the only capital he ever knew. Nothing would induce him to leave English shores. In politics he was an active, though very genial, enemy of "that Gladstone." As a landlord he was generous and considerate, and personally managed his magnificent park of over 2,000 acres, with its famous garden built in the old French style of avenues, tall hedges, and *allées vertes*. His dress was as old-fashioned as the charm and courtliness of his manners. To the end of his days he clung to the cravats and full neckerchiefs and swallow-tailed coats and light trousers of the early century. "The grand old squire," as he was called, was an exceedingly handsome man, and to see him when well past his seventieth year bidding cheery welcome to the hunt at Bramham Park was a moving sight.

What used to be called "a lying spirit" is abroad in Europe. Hardly has respectable diplomacy recovered from the shock of Prince Bismarck's revelations than the immaculate President Kruger and his good ally, the Emperor of Germany, find themselves incriminated. Everybody will remember that the Emperor sent a congratulatory telegram to the President on the defeat of Dr. Jameson's force. The wording of this despatch was so fiercely and bitterly resented in England that the Emperor had to forego his annual visit to Cowes during regatta week. It turns out now that this irrepressible young monarch was influenced only by the most benevolent motives toward England. His friend and former host, the Earl of Lonsdale, explained the whole affair publicly the other day. "The true facts," he said, "were these: President Kruger asked for assistance; his Majesty declined it.... When his Majesty said he congratulated Mr. Kruger on meeting the raiders, it was really very little more than congratulating the manager of a bank on having resisted a certain number of raiders who attempted to take the bullion. I think myself that if his Majesty had realized really what the feeling of the country was and what the feeling would eventually be, he would not have sent the telegram; but it is perfectly certain, and I have his Majesty's authority for saying so, there was nothing of any kind, sort, or description meant antagonistic to England or Englishmen." All this is very pretty and pathetic, but men with better memories than Lord Lonsdale recall the fact that on February 15 Baron Marschall, the Foreign Minister, declared in the Reichstag that it was absolutely untrue that the President had asked for assistance from Germany, whilst Mr. Kruger himself, ten days later, characterized it as a "false and lying report." Yet now Lord Lonsdale comes forward, and in the quietest way possible, and as if it were a matter of course, remarks, with the full authority of the German Emperor, "President Kruger asked for assistance; his Majesty declined it."

The Empress of Russia has invented a new torment for the diplomatic service. She and her husband are making a collection of all the flowers presented to them, of the souvenirs of their visit sold on the streets, of the photographs representing their drives through Paris, of the sketches made of every incident during their stay, of the letters written to them, even of the poems read out aloud. The Empress has impressed on the Russian ambassador the necessity of making the collection as complete as possible; and the Russian embassy has accordingly transformed itself into a press-cutting bureau. The Empress probably took the idea from Queen Victoria, who has quite a museum at Windsor, another at Osborne, and a third at Balmoral of souvenirs of her visits to each residence.

The tone of the German press on the Carlsruhe scandal, in which Lieutenant Brusewitz killed an unarmed workman who had accidentally brushed against his chair in a café, is unwontedly independent. It is evident that enlightened German opinion is growing ashamed of the backwardness of the country in so many matters affecting the rights of the citizen and his dignity as a human being. The army holds Germany as it might hold a conquered province, and there is one code, not only of law but of morals, for the soldiery and another for the people. The debates in the Reichstag proved to the full the folly of that barbarous code of honor under which the German army has learned nothing and forgotten nothing since the Middle Ages. Some instances were mentioned which went to show how the code worked. In one case a judge, who is at the same time an officer in the Reserve, had before him a man accused in connection with some drunken brawl. During the proceedings the judge said the defendant had not behaved like a gentleman. The defendant also happened to be an officer in the Reserve, and the first thing he did was to challenge the judge. The latter refused to accept the challenge, and was at once dismissed from the army. In the eyes of the military Court of Honor he was good enough to be a judge, but not to be an officer. In another case a public prosecutor had in that capacity to prosecute duellists. The same man acted as president of a Court of Honor which found that a duel must take place. "He who insults my uniform insults me," said the Emperor. "I hope," said Dr. Munckel, the witty Radical lawyer in the Reichstag, "that the imperial words meant that any man who, like Brusewitz, degrades his uniform insults the Emperor."

So far as I can make out from the *Neue Freie Presse* it looks as though Prince Bismarck's revelations were simply due to a desire to vary the boredom of his solitary life at Friedrichsruhe. In an interview with that journal the ex-Chancellor—the "iron" Chancellor no more—said that he had never been in better health or more ready for battle. His neuralgia causes him much pain, of course, and when he tries to overcome it by nervous excitement, or lively conversation, or a glass of champagne he suffers from insomnia, which he considers quite as bad as *le tic douloureux*. The Prince feels lonely. If he could have lived in the country when he was young he would have liked nothing better; but now that he is too old to ride to hounds, he finds country life very monotonous. Sometimes he thinks he would have been more peaceable if he had not been so much alone and obliged to rummage so much among the past. If he could have seen how matters would turn out, he would have taken a good house in Berlin in 1890, maintained uninterrupted contact with all the world, seen company and visited the theatres, and have found enough in the present to keep him from dwelling on the past. All this makes rather pitiful reading, coming from Bismarck. But toward the end of the interview he plucked up spirits and got to the congenial business of running down women—Polish women, especially—and Great Britain, and became once more the fighting Bismarck that we know.

One of the most curious and interesting negotiations in recent diplomatic history has just been brought to a close. About two months after the Italian defeat in Abyssinia on March 1, the Pope, on his own initiative, made a personal appeal to Menelek for the release of the Italian prisoners. The Pope, of course, has no authority outside his spiritual jurisdiction, and had to base his petition on general principles of humanity. In most courteous and respectful language the Emperor Menelek protested that his first impulse was to grant the Pope's request, but added that this had been made impossible by the action of the Italian government, "which continues to act toward me as if we were still in a state of war." This referred to the recent seizure of a Dutch vessel that was importing arms and ammunition into Abyssinia. But the whole situation brought about by the Pope's diplomatic intervention was curious in the extreme. It put King Humbert into a most awkward corner. The monarchy has always endeavored to confine the papal influence to the spiritual sphere alone. It could not therefore be altogether pleased with his bold and striking petition to Menelek. Even had that petition been successful, King Humbert's feelings would hardly have been of unmixed joy. He would have had his soldiers back again, but at the cost of increased papal prestige. Already, "out of consideration for your Holiness," Menelek had promised still further to soften the prisoners' lot. It would not, of course, do for the King to appear less solicitous on behalf of the prisoners than the Pope. Menelek's reply to the Pope was published a fortnight ago. The King had to do something, and do it quickly. He swallowed his annoyance, travelled meekly over the road the Pope had pointed out to him, and arranged a final peace with the Ethiopian monarch.

PICAROON.

MUSIC AND DRAMA

The opening of the Metropolitan's operatic season has been the most interesting matter to a large section of the local musical public, especially to that portion looking at opera as a social necessity, whether a musical pleasure or not. The outward aspect of things, performance by performance, thus far has been brilliant. Family affliction and other reasons will make notable absences throughout the year. But of stately women in the richest of gowns and jewels there has never seemed to be a greater plenitude than at *Faust* on the opening night for 1896-7. Showy and large audiences, in fact, have been the course of things up to the present writing, in the second week. Even the Saturday night "popular" performances have offered boxes filled with a patronage that seemed less casual than is the rule. But the finest birds in the finest of feathers are what a great many people do not go to our opera to study. To auditors who are not spectators merely, the music of the evening is not simply an incidental. It must be admitted that that element of success thus far has been unequal. *Faust* was sung excellently by the selection from Mr. Grau's assortment of stars that we have so often heard in the same rôles—Madame Melba, Miss Bauermeister, Madame Mantelli (though she is somewhat new in Siebel's soliloquies and trunks), the Messrs. De Reszké, and Mr. Jean Lassalle, the last again with us, in recruited voice, after his bout with trade. The chorus and orchestra were at their best, Mr. Mancinelli as efficient and sympathetic a leader of Gounod as of old.

But the Wagner evenings of *The Mastersingers* and *Tannhäuser* have been disappointments, and the audiences have shown their appreciation of the fact. Madame Eames (most welcomely returned to us) is passing swiftly and intelligently beyond the conventionalities of art that used to mark her acting. But the fire of Wagnerian inspiration and Wagnerian fervor has not yet enough descended on her—at least as to the parts in question. We had an Eva far too aristocratic and self-contained in archness, petulance, and passion. We had an Elizabeth who was a princess from a stained-glass casement—unwarmed by the sunshine itself. That so richly endowed a singer as is Madame Eames, advancing as considerably in dramatic expression, will make much of new Wagnerian studies is not to be doubted. But obviously the lyric and less decisively emotional is still her best exposition. The Tannhäuser was Mr. Gogny. He is a French tenor who created the part at Lyons, and has sung it and other Wagnerian parts successfully in the French provinces—a robust utility singer of good dramatic instincts. Neither of these Wagnerian works was sung in German. Here was one appreciable handicap. Mr. Mancinelli's conducting of them is wide of the virility and musical life that must be put into them by a leader. Devoid of such life they are as naught. This was a more serious and all-pervading reason for two evenings so anæmic. With a specialist like Mr. Seidl to take charge of Wagner performances, it would seem as advisable to commit them to him as to give Mr. Mancinelli or Mr. Bevignani the care of those Italian and French works that should not be intrusted to other than French or Italian conductors. In *The Huguenots* of last Wednesday, given to a superb audience, though one little enthusiastic, interest centred, as so frequently hitherto, on Mr. Jean de Reszké's impassioned Raoul; and also on the coming forward of Madame Litvinne, the season's soprano most likely to be responsible for rôles that have been Madame Nordica's till now. Madame Litvinne used to have a syllable extra in her name. She sang here about a dozen years ago as Felia Litvinoff; and since then has been busy in numerous good operatic establishments in Europe. She has an imposing presence, and a large, powerful voice, unfortunately quite past the art or charm, the refinement in production and control, that we expect. While a useful dramatic singer, her style and methods revert to the merely artificial way of doing things common to the French stage, especially the Paris Opéra, and leave us unthrilled even in the most thrilling measures. When it is added to these jottings that Madame Melba is ill, and was so indisposed on the *Roméo et Juliette* evening as to be scarcely able to sing her music—only by pluck and after a managerial apology did so—and that Mr. Plançon since last Tuesday has been on the sick-list, this rather qualified record is emphasized.

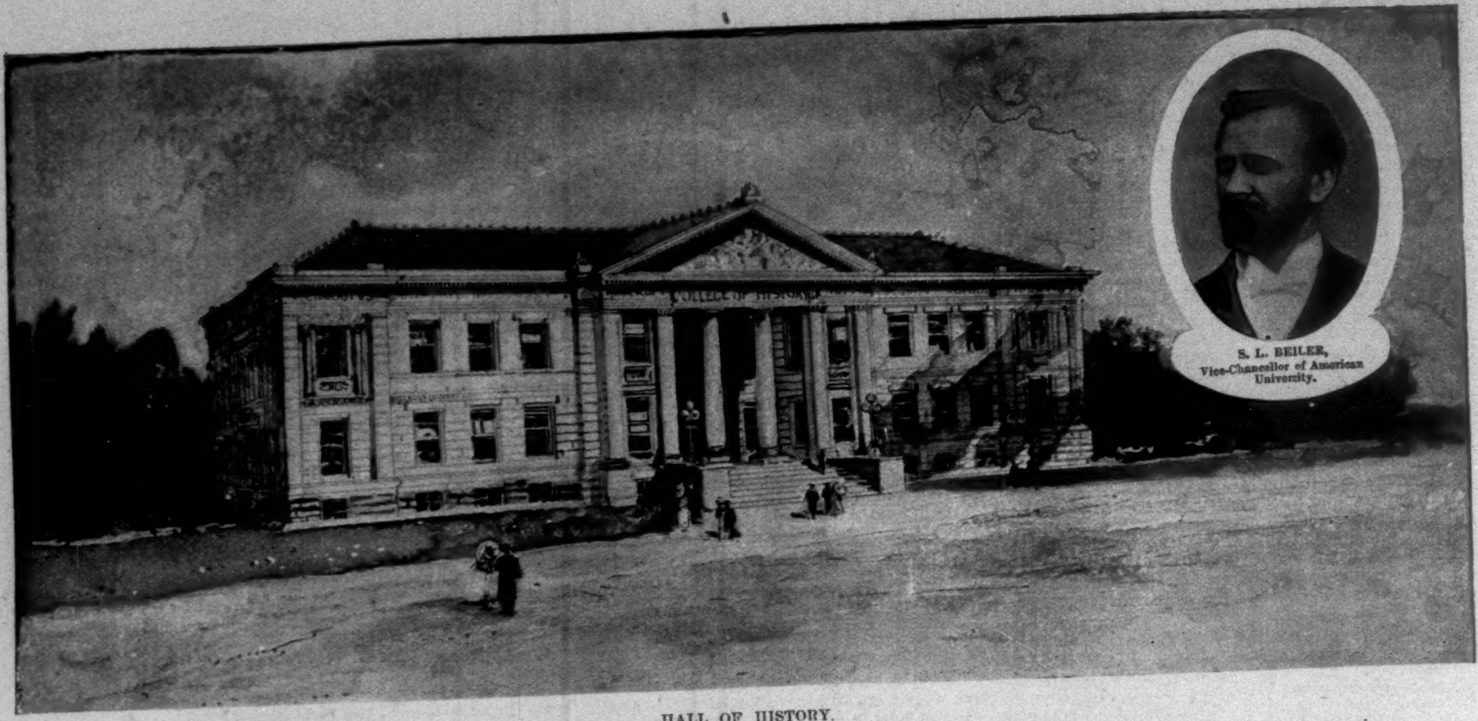
The Infant Phenomenon in pianism and violinism is ever with us. Often it would be a pleasure to see the Indian Savage with his property tomahawk stealing up to cut short a precocious career of genius, or premature freedom from good Conservatory drudgery. The sex is changed. The Phenomenon now is usually a boy. It is hard to have to listen to the piano, and worse to the violin, badly played by adults, as we must listen every day. It is much worse to be obliged to hear either instrument played badly by children. Master Bronislav Huberman is the newest Phenomenon. He is indeed an extraordinary young fiddler. He justifies curiosity to a degree fairly coincident with some of the most highly colored press agents' confidences lately printed to guide the ignorance of musical critics. For Huberman is a wonder in his maturity of temperament. His technique is so complete as to seem a thing born in him, not acquired. There has been too little time for that. The curious emotionality that he throws into all the music he plays, his memory and his poise, are unusual. An interesting lad in looks, too, with his grave, unchildish eyes, the spiritual upper half of his face excusing the heavy jaw and unpleasant mouth, his thick black hair like a heavy silk fringe falling about his cheeks. But he will be spoiled if his sense of time be not bettered, his tone made purer, if his insight into music be not firmly developed, if he be not taught what can be put into a composition and what must never be put there. To make Mendelssohn's violin concerto a jerky, ejaculatory rhapsody should not long be allowed a young Polish prodigy who has impressed Joachim. One wonders what the lad played before such veterans. He is a prodigy with a vast deal more of the prodigious about him than half a dozen of his gawky predecessors. He really is young. But as a bit of abnormal Polish talent he has much to be taught him, and already considerable to unlearn.

BRONISLAV HUBERMAN.

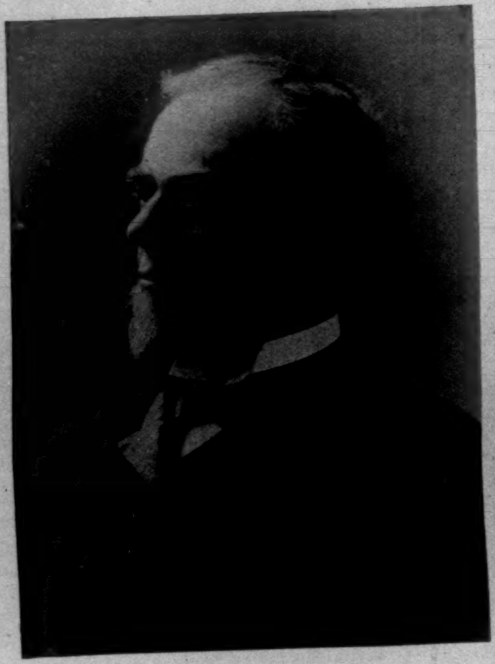
Great is the value of physiologic research. The calvity of orchestral musicians has been too long merely a joke, often one far too personal. And now it seems that the topic is one of serious discovery. An American medical journal not only demonstrates the old sad theory that half of our citizens of thirty years are bald (thirty per cent. of that half being bald physicians). It goes further. Practical musicians exhibit not only as much of a proportion of baldness as we would expect, but more variations, far, than would be expected. There is a science if not a method in so to say instrumental hairlessness. Players of the string band and of the piano-forte are less inclined to be bald than those luckless enough to have their work cut out for them in the wind choir. The brass instruments, from the tubas up to the trumpets, are quoted as "particularly mischievous" to the hair. The horn is a sure doom to one's locks. The military bandsmen are thus in a parlous state. One announcer of this lamentable theory has diagnosed a regular disease that he calls the "fanfare baldness." All trumpeters and cornetists get it, sooner or later. The wood-wind come next in danger. Most flautists are not to hope for hair after thirty-two. Whether these conclusions have resulted yet in a system of capillary treatment by music is not stated. Possibly our orchestra players will do more changing off of responsibilities, and so flee from the radiance that the chandelier so cruelly brightens. Luckily, too, musicians are more professional than vain (though Mozart was vain of *his* hair), otherwise we should soon learn that, from mysterious and unknown reasons, it was impossible to get together an orchestra needed to give Wagner his sonority, or to deliver the crushing antiphons of Berlioz's "Requiem" or Verdi's "Manzoni Mass."

It is to be hoped that Mr. Ernest Van Dyck will come to the United States before impairment mars that Wagnerian tenor's noble voice, his impassioned yet discreet acting, and his impressive personality. Mr. Van Dyck is, in fact, one of the few great European artists for whom the sea and the wooing of our impresarios yet seem to afford no path to America. Mr. Renaud, the first barytone of the Opéra at Paris, is another; though of high-class imported barytones we have no lack. Mr. Van Dyck, however, has a busy season before him, and Paris does not hear him again for a year, and even his special stage, Vienna, not too often. He goes this week from Schoenbrunn, where he has been cast among the special musical guests for enlivening the wedding-week of the Duke of Orleans, to Vienna, to create the title rôle of Messager's *Chevalier d'Harmental*, and the after-time till the end of Baireuth's 1897 festival will be occupied with engagements in Russia, Italy, southern France, and London. He will be with Mr. Grau at Covent Garden in May.

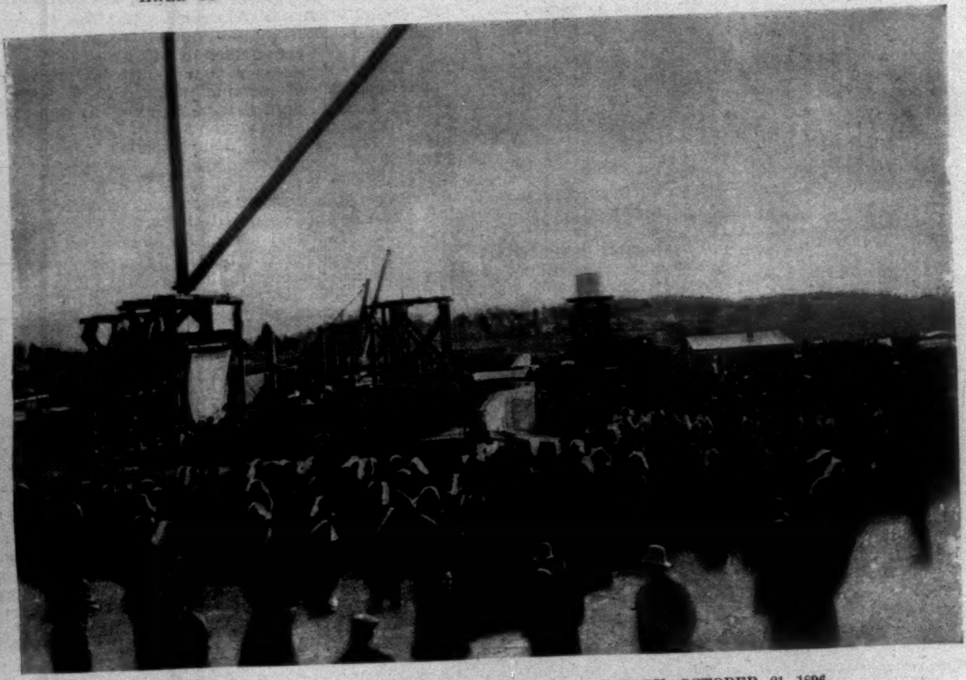
E. IRENAEUS STEVENSON.



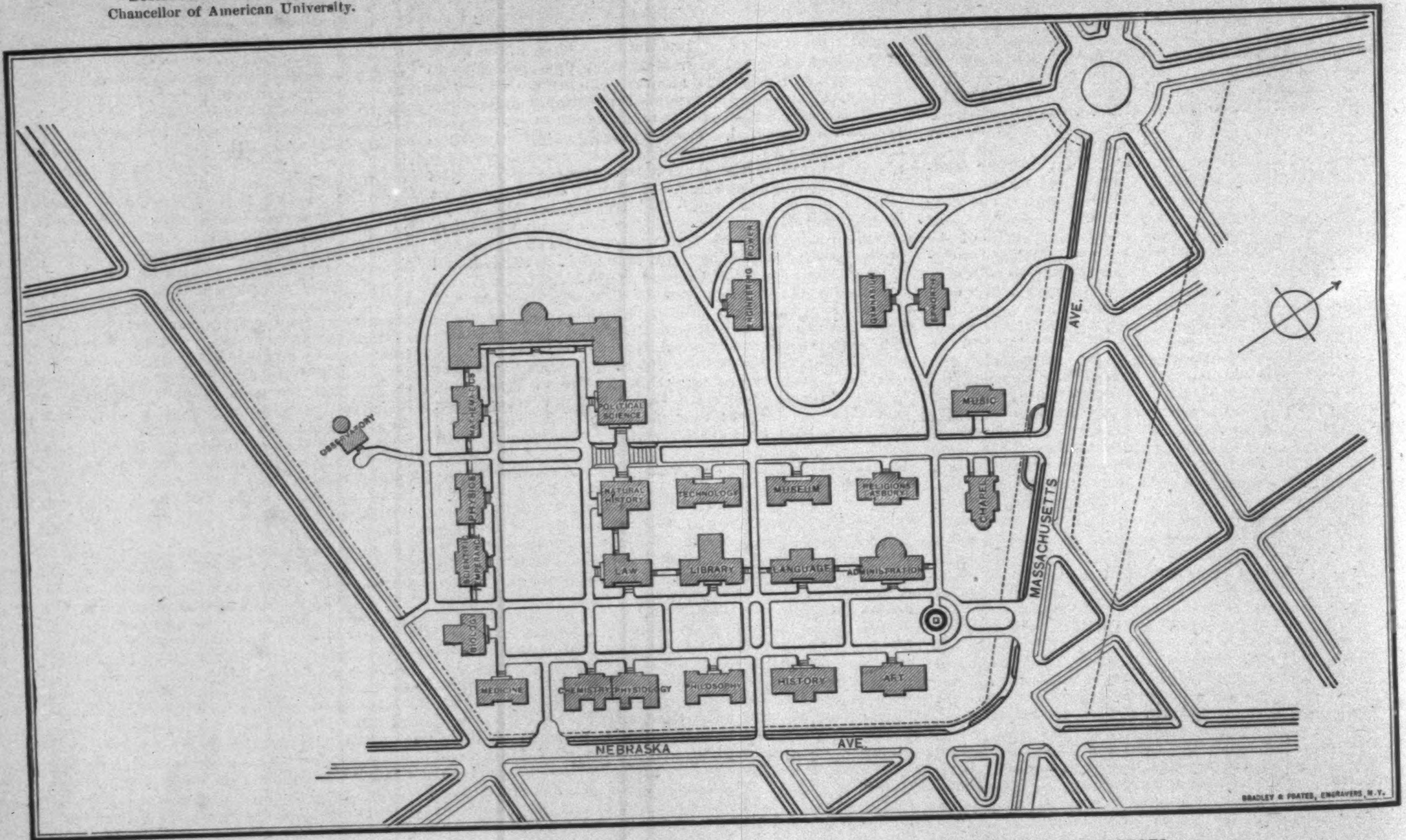
HALL OF HISTORY.



BISHOP JOHN F. HURST,
Chancellor of American University.



LAYING THE CORNER-STONE OF THE HALL OF HISTORY, OCTOBER 21, 1896.
Photographed by Leet Brothers.



PRELIMINARY PLAN OF THE UNIVERSITY GROUNDS, SHOWING ARRANGEMENT OF PROJECTED COLLEGES.

AMERICAN UNIVERSITY, WASHINGTON, D. C.—[See Page 1198.]

THE LANDLORD AT LION'S HEAD.*

BY WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS,

AUTHOR OF "A HAZARD OF NEW FORTUNES," "THE QUALITY OF MERCY," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY W. T. SMEDLEY.

LIV.

THE painter could not make out at first whether the girl herself was pleased with the picture or not, and in his uncertainty he could not give it her at once, as he had hoped and meant to do. It was by a kind of accident he found afterwards that she had always been passionately proud of his having painted her. This was when he returned from the last sojourn he had made in Paris, whither he went soon after the Whitwells settled in North Cambridge. He left the picture behind him to be framed and then sent to her with a letter he had written, begging her to give it house-room while he was gone. He got a short stiff note in reply after he reached Paris, and he had not tried to continue the correspondence. But as soon as he returned he went out to see the Whitwells in North Cambridge. They were still in their little house, there; the young widower had married again; but neither he nor his new wife had cared to take up their joint life in his first home, and he had found Whitwell such a good tenant that he had not tried to put up the rent on him. Frank was at home, now, with an employment that gave him part of his time for his theological studies; Cynthia had been teaching school ever since the fall after Westover went away, and they were all, as Whitwell said, in clover. He was the only member of the family at home when Westover called on the afternoon of a warm summer day, and he entertained him with a full account of a visit he had paid Lion's Head earlier in the season.

"Yes, sir," he said, as if he had already stated the fact, "I've sold my old place, there, to that devil." He said devil without the least rancor; with even a smile of good-will, and he enjoyed the astonishment Westover expressed in his demand:

"Sold Durgin your house?"

"Yes. I see we never wanted to go back there to live, any of us, and I went up to pass the papers and close the thing out. Well, I *did* have an offer for it from a feller that wanted to open a boa'din'-house there, and get the advantage of Jeff's improvements, and I couldn't seem to make up my mind till I'd looked the ground over. Fust off, you know, I thought I'd sell to the other feller, because I could see in a minute what a thorn it 'd be in Jeff's flesh. But dumn it all! When I met the comical devil I couldn't seem to want to pester him. Why, here, thinks I, if we've made an escape from him—and I guess we have, about the *biggest* escape—what have I got agin him, anyway? I'd ought to feel *good* to him; and I guess that's the way I *did* feel, come to boil it down. He's got a way with him, you know, when you're with him, that makes you *like* him. He may have a knife in your ribs the whole while, but so long's he don't turn it, you don't seem to know it, and you can't help likin' him. Why, I hadn't been with Jeff five minutes before I made up my mind to sell to him. I told him about the other offer—felt bound to do it—and he was all on fire. 'I want that place, Mr. Whitwell,' s'd he. 'Name your price.' Well, I wa'n't goin' to take an advantage of the feller, and I guess he see it. 'You've offered me three thousand,' s'd I, ''n' I don't want to be no ways mean about it. Five thousand buys the place.' 'It's mine,' s'd he; just like that. I guess he see he had a gentleman to deal with, and we didn't say a word more. Don't you think I done right to sell to him? I couldn't 'a' got more'n thirty-five hundred out the other feller, to save me, and before Jeff begun his improvements, I couldn't 'a' realized a thousand dollars on the prop'ty."

"I think you did right to sell to him," said Westover, saddened somewhat by the proof Whitwell alleged of his magnanimity.

"Well, sir, I'm glad you do. I don't believe in crowdin' a man because you got him in a corner, an' I don't believe in bearin' malice. *Never* did. All I wanted was what the place was wo'th—to *him*. 'Twa'n't wo'th nothin' to me! He's got the house and the ten acres round it, and he's got the house on Lion's Head, includin' the Clearin', that makes the poottiest picnic-ground in the mountains. Think of goin' up there this summer?"

"No," said Westover, briefly.

"Well, I some wish you did. I sh'd like to know how Jeff's improvements struck you. Of course, I can't judge of 'em so well, but I guess he's made a pootty sightly thing of it. He told me he'd had one of the leadin' Boston architects to plan the thing out for him, and I tell you, he's got something nice. 'Tain't so big as old Lion's Head, and Jeff wants to cater to a different style of custom, anyway. The buildin's longer'n what she is deep, and she spreads in front so's to give as many rooms a view of the mountain as she can. Know what runnaysonce is? Well, that's the style Jeff said it was; it's all pillars and pilasters; and you ride up to the office through a double row of colyums, under a kind of a portico. It's all painted like them old Colonial houses down on Brattle Street, buff and white. Well, it made *me* think of one of them old pagan temples. He's got her shoved along to the south'ard, and he's widened out a piece of level for her to stand on, so't that piece o' woods up the hill there is just behind her, and I tell you she looks nice, backin' up ag'inst the trees. I tell you, Jeff's got a head on him! I wish you could see that dinin'-room o' his: all white colyums, and frontin' on the view. Why, that devil's got a regular little theaytre back o' the dinin'-room for the young folks to act ammyture plays in, and the shows that come along, and he's got a dance-hall besides; the parlors ain't much; folks like to set in the office, and a good many of the rooms are done off into soots, and got their own parlors. I tell you, it's *swell*, as they say. You can order what you please for breakfast, but for lunch and dinner you got to take what Jeff gives you; but he *treats* you well. He's a Durgin, when it comes to that. Served in cou'ses and dinner at seven o'clock. I don't know where he got his money for 't all, but I guess he put in his insurance first, and then he put a mortgage on the buildin'; he as much as owned it; said he'd had a splendid season last year, and if he done as well for a couple of seasons more he'd have the whole prop'ty free o' debt."

"HE HURRIED FORWARD AND JOYFULLY TOOK THE HAND SHE GAVE HIM."

Westover could see that the prosperity of the unjust man had corrupted the imagination and confounded the conscience of this simple witness, and he asked, in the hope of giving his praises pause, "What has he done about the old family burying-ground in the orchard?"

"Well there!" said Whitwell. "That *got* me more than any other one thing. I naturally expected that Jeff'd had 'em moved, for *you* know, and *I* know, Mr. Westover, that a place like that couldn't be very pop'la' with summer folks; they don't want to have anything to kind of make 'em serious, as you may say. But that devil got his architect to *treat* the place, as he calls it, and he put a high stone wall around it, and planted it to bushes and evergreens so't looks like a piece of old garden, down there in the corner of the orchard, and if you didn't hunt for it, you wouldn't know it was there. Jeff said't when folks *did* happen to find it out, he believed they liked it; they think it's picturesque and ancient. Why, some on 'em wanted him to put up a little chapel alongside, and have services there; and Jeff said he didn't know but he'd do it yet. He's got dark-colored stones up for Mis' Durgin and Jackson, so't they look as old as any of 'em. I tell you, he knows how to do things."

"It seems so," said Westover, with a bitterness apparently lost upon the optimistic philosopher.

"Yes, sir. I guess it's all worked out for the best. So long's he didn't marry Cynthy, I don't care who he married, and I guess he's made out first-rate, and he treats his wife well, and his mother-in-law too. You wouldn't hardly know they was in the house, they're so kind of quiet, and if a guest wants to see Jeff, he's got to send and ask for him; clerk does everything, but I guess Jeff keeps an eye out, and knows what's goin' on. He's got an elegant soot of apartments, and he lives as private as if he was in his own house, him and his wife. But when there's anything goin' on that needs a head, they're both right on deck.

"He don't let his wife worry about things a great deal;

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No 2063.

he's got a first-rate of a housekeeper, but I guess old Mis' Vostrand keeps the housekeeper, as you may say. I hear some the boa'ders talkin' up there, and one of 'em said 't the great thing about Lion's Head was 't you could feel everywheres in it that it was a lady's house. I guess Jeff has a pootty good time, and a time 't suits *him*. He shows up on the coachin' parties, and he's got himself a reg'lar English coachman's rig, with boots outside his trouse's, and a long coat, and a fuzzy plug-hat; I tell you, he looks *gay!* He don't spend his winters at Lion's Head; he is off to Europe about as soon as the house closes in the fall, and he keeps bringin' home new dodges. Guess you couldn't get no boa'd there for no $7 a week *now!* I tell you, Jeff's the gentleman, now, and his wife's about the nicest lady *I* ever saw. Do' know as I care so much about her mother; do' know as I got anything ag'inst her either, very much. But that little girl, Beechy, as they call her, she's a *beauty!* And round with Jeff all the while! He seems full as fond of her as her own mother does, and that devil, that couldn't seem to get enough of tormentin' little children when he was a boy, is as good and gentle with that little thing as —pie!"

Whitwell seemed to have come to an end of his celebration of Jeff's success, and Westover asked: "And what do you make, now, of planchette's broken shaft business? Or don't you believe in planchette any more?"

Whitwell's beaming face clouded. "Well, sir, that's a thing that's always puzzled me. If it wa'n't that it was Jackson workin' plantchette that night, I shouldn't placed much dependence on what she said; but Jackson could get the truth out of her, if anybody could. Sence I b'en up there I b'en figurin' it out like this: the broken shaft is the old Jeff that he's left off bein'—"

Whitwell stopped midway in his suggestion, with an inquiring eye on the painter, who asked, "You think he's left off being the old Jeff?"

"Well, sir, you got me there," the philosopher confessed. "I didn't see anything to the contrary, but come to think of it—"

"Why couldn't the broken shaft be his unfulfilled destiny on the old lines? What reason is there to believe he isn't what he's always been?"

"Well, come to think of it—"

"People don't change in a day, or a year," Westover went on, "or two or three years, even. Sometimes I doubt if they *ever* change."

"Well, all that I thought," Whitwell urged faintly against the hard scepticism of a man ordinarily so yielding, "is 't there must be a moral government of the universe *somewheres*, and if a bad feller is to get along and prosper hand over hand, that way, don't it look kind of as if—"

"There wasn't any moral government of the universe? Not the way I see it," said Westover. "A tree brings forth of its kind. As a man sows he reaps. It's dead sure, pitilessly sure. Jeff Durgin sowed success, in a certain way, and he's reaping it. He once said to me, when I tried to waken his conscience, that he should get where he was trying to go if he was strong enough, and being good had nothing to do with it. I believe now he was right. But he was wrong too, as such a man always is. That kind of tree bears Dead Sea apples after all. He sowed evil and he must reap evil. He may never know it, but he will reap what he has sown. The dreadful thing is that others must share in his harvest. What do you think?"

Whitwell scratched his head. "Well, sir, there's something in what you say, I *guess*. But, *here!* What's the use of thinkin' a man can't change? Wa'n't there ever anything in that old idee of a change of heart? What do you s'pose made Jeff let up on that feller that Jombateeste see him have down, that day, in my Clearin'? What Jeff would natch'ly done would b'en to shake the life out of him; but he didn't; he let him up, and he let him go. What's the reason that wa'n't the beginnin' of a new life for him?"

"We don't know all the ins and outs of that business," said Westover after a moment. "I've puzzled over it a good deal. The man was the brother of that girl that Jeff had jilted in Boston. I've found out that much. I don't know just the size and shape of the trouble between them, but Jeff may have felt that he had got even with his enemy before that day. Or he may have felt that if he was going in for full satisfaction, there was Jombateeste looking on—"

"That's true," said Whitwell, greatly daunted. After a while he took refuge in the reflection, "Well, he's a comical devil."

Westover said, in a sort of absence: "Perhaps we're all broken shafts, here. Perhaps that old hypothesis of another life, a world where there is room enough and time enough for all the beginnings of this to complete themselves—"

"Well, now you're shoutin'," said Whitwell. "And if plantchette—" Westover rose. "Why, a'n't you goin' to wait and see Cynthy? I'm expectin' her along every minute now; she's just gone down to Harvard Square. She'll be awfully put out when she knows you've be'n here."

"I'll come out again, soon," said Westover. "Tell her—"

"Well, you must see your picture, anyway. We've got it in the parlor. I don't know what she'll say to me, keepin' you here in the settin'-room all the time."

Whitwell led him into the little dark front hall, and into the parlor, less dim than it should have been because the afternoon sun was burning full upon its shutters. The portrait hung over the mantel, in a bad light, but the painter could feel everything in it that he could not see.

"Yes, it has that look in it," he said.

"Well, she ha'n't took wing yet, I'm thankful to think," said Whitwell, and he spoke from his own large mind to the sympathy of an old friend who he felt could almost share his feelings as a father.

LV.

When Westover turned out of the baking little street where the Whitwells lived into an elm-shaded stretch of North Avenue, he took off his hat and strolled bareheaded along in the cooler air. He was disappointed not to have seen Cynthia, and yet he found himself hurrying away after his failure, with a sense of escape, or at least of respite.

What he had come to say, to do, was the effect of long experience and much meditation. The time had arrived when he could no longer feign to himself that his feelings toward the girl were not those of a lover, but he had his modest fears that she could never imagine him in that character, and that if he should ask her to do so he should shock and grieve her, and inflict upon himself an incurable wound.

During this last absence of his he had let his fancy dwell constantly upon her, until life seemed worth having only if she would share it with him. He was an artist, and he had always been a bohemian, but at heart he was philistine and bourgeois. His ideal was a settlement, a fixed habitation, a stated existence, a home, where he could work constantly in an air of affection, and unselfishly do his part to make his home happy. It was a very simple-hearted ambition, and I do not quite know how to keep it from appearing commonplace and almost sordid; but such as it was, I must confess that it was his. He had not married his model, because he was mainly a landscapist, perhaps; and he had not married any of his pupils, because he had not been in love with them, charming and good and lovely as he had thought some of them; and of late he had realized more and more why his fancy had not turned in their direction. He perceived that it was already fixed, and possibly had long been fixed.

He did not blink the fact that there were many disparities, and that there would be certain disadvantages which could never be quite overcome. The fact had been brought rather strenuously home to him by his interview with Cynthia's father. He perceived, as indeed he had always known, that with a certain imaginative lift in his thinking and feeling, Whitwell was irreparably rustic, that he was and always must be practically Yankee. Westover was not a Yankee, and he did not love or honor the type, though its struggles against itself touched and amused him. It made him a little sick to hear how Whitwell had profited by Durgin's necessity, and had taken advantage of him with conscientious and self-applausive rapacity, while he admired his prosperity, and tried to account for it by doubt of its injustice. For a moment this seemed to him worse than Durgin's conscientious toughness, which was the antithesis of Whitwell's remorseless self-interest. For the moment this claimed Cynthia of its kind, and Westover beheld her rustic and Yankee of her father's type. If she was not that now, she would grow into that through the lapse from the personal to the ancestral which we all undergo in the process of the years.

The sight of her face as he had pictured it, and of the soul which he had imagined for it, restored him to a better sense of her, but he felt the need of escaping from the suggestion of her father's presence, and taking further thought. Perhaps he should never again reach the point that he was aware of deflecting from now; he filled his lungs with long breaths, which he exhaled in sighs of relief. It might have been a mistake on the spiritual as well as the worldly side; it would certainly not have promoted his career; it might have impeded it. These misgivings flitted over the surface of thought that more profoundly was occupied with a question of other things. In the time since he had seen her last it might very well be that a young and pretty girl had met some one who had taken her fancy; and he could not be sure that her fancy had ever been his, even if this had not happened. He had no proof at all that she had ever cared or could care for him except gratefully, respectfully, almost reverentially, with that mingling of filial and maternal anxiety which had hitherto been the warmest expression of her regard. He tried to reason it out and could not. He suddenly found himself bitterly disappointed that he had missed seeing her, for if they had met, he would have known by this time what to think, what to hope. He felt old, he felt fully thirty-six years old, as he passed his hand over his crown, whose gossamer growth opposed so little resistance to his touch. He had begun to lose his hair early, but till then he had not much regretted his baldness. He entered into a little question of their comparative ages, which led him to the conclusion that Cynthia must now be about twenty-five.

Almost at the same moment he saw her coming up the walk towards him from far down the avenue. For a reason, or rather a motive, of his own he pretended to himself that it was not she, but he knew instantly that it was, and he put on his hat. He could see that she did not know him, and it was a pretty thing to witness the recognition dawn on her. When it had its full effect, he was aware of a flutter, a pause in her whole figure before she came on towards him, and he hurried his steps for the charm of her blushing, beautiful face.

It was the spiritual effect of figure and face that he had carried in his thought ever since he had arrived at that one-sided intimacy through his study of her for the picture he had just seen. He had often had to ask himself whether he had really perceived or only imagined the character he had translated into it; but here, for the moment at least, was what he had seen. He hurried forward and joyfully took the hand she gave him. He thought he should speak of that at once, but it was not possible, of course. There had to come first the unheeded questions and answers about each other's health, and many other commonplaces. He turned and walked home with her, and at the gate of the little ugly house she asked him if he would not come in and take tea with them.

Her father talked with him while she got the tea, and when it was ready, her brother came in from his walk home out of Old Cambridge, and helped her put it on the table. He had grown much taller than Westover, and he was very ecclesiastical in his manner; more so than he would be, probably, if he ever became a bishop, Westover decided. Jombateeste, in an interval of suspended work at the Brick-yard, was paying a visit to his people in Canada, and Westover did not see him.

All the time, while they sat at table and talked together, Westover realized more and more that for him, at least, the separation of the last two years had put that space between them which alone made it possible for them to approach each other on new ground. A kind of horror, of repulsion, for her engagement to Jeff Durgin had ceased from his sense of her; it was as if she had been unhappily married, and the man, who had been unworthy and unkind, was like a ghost who could never come to trouble his joy. He was more her contemporary, he found, than formerly; she had grown a great deal in the past two years, and a certain affliction which her father's fixity had given him concerning her passed in the assurance of change which she herself gave him.

She had changed her world, and grown to it, but her nature had not changed. Even her look had not changed, and he told her how he had seen his picture in her at the moment of their meeting in the street. They all went in to verify his impression from the painting. "Yes, that is the way you looked."

"It seems to me that is the way I felt," she assented.

Frank went about the house-work, and left her to their guest. When Whitwell came back from the post-office, where he said he should only be gone a minute, he did not rejoin Westover and Cynthia in the parlor.

The parlor door was shut; he had risked his fate, and they were talking it over. Cynthia was not sure; she was sure of nothing but that there was no one in the world she cared for so much; but she was not sure that was enough. She did not pretend that she was surprised; she owned that she had sometimes expected it; she blamed herself for not expecting it then.

Westover said that he did not blame her for not knowing her mind; he had been fifteen years learning his own fully. He asked her to take all the time she wished. If she could not make sure after all, he should always be sure that she was wise and good. She told him everything there was to tell of her breaking with Jeff, and he thought the last episode a supreme proof of her wisdom and goodness.

After a certain time they went for a walk in the warm summer moonlight under the elms, where they had met on the avenue.

"I suppose," she said, as they drew near her door again, "that people don't often talk it over as we've done."

"We only know from the novels," he answered. "Perhaps people do, oftener than is ever known. I don't see why they shouldn't."

"No."

"I've never wished to be sure of you so much as since you've wished to be sure of yourself."

"And I've never been so sure as since you were willing to let me," said Cynthia.

"I am glad of that. Try to think of me, if that will help my cause, as some one you might have always known in this way. We don't really know each other yet. I'm a great deal older than you, but still I'm not so very old."

"Oh, I don't care for that. All I want to be certain of is that the feeling I have is really—the feeling."

"I know, dear," said Westover, and his heart surged toward her in his tenderness for her simple conscience, her wise question. "Take time. Don't hurry. Forget what I've said—or no; that's absurd! Think of it; but don't let anything but the truth persuade you. Now, good-night, Cynthia."

"Good-night—Mr. Westover."

"Mr. Westover?" he reproached her.

She stood thinking, as if the question were crucial. Then she said, firmly, "I should always have to call you Mr. Westover."

"Oh, well," he returned, "if that's all!"

THE END.

THE UNITED STATES IN TURKEY.

PRIOR to 1895 the Turkish government responded slowly but surely to all reasonable demands made by American consuls, when such demands were supported by the United States minister at Constantinople, and by the presence of American guns in Turkish waters.

In our nation's infancy the Moorish pirates of Tarifa yielded to us, in addition to our word "tariff," all Christian prisoners held as slaves upon the Barbary coast.

A brief statement of a few modern instances may serve as justification for keeping up a naval display upon the Moslem seaboard.

The "Dixon outrages," committed by Moslems upon unoffending American women living as agriculturalists near Jaffa, had long remained unpunished, until 1858, when the newly arrived American consul at Beirut sought and obtained the supporting presence of the United States frigate *Wabash*. No threats were used, but the daily target practice of the guns of the frigate were suggestive. To calm the populace, the governor-general sent his secretary to ask the consul to state officially that no bombardment was intended, and to learn the date of the probable departure of the frigate. The consul gave assurance that the frigate's visit was a friendly one, and that it would depart whenever it could take with it the verdict of the court in the Dixon case, which had been so long delayed. Within forty-eight hours the Moslem criminals, who had been judicially identified by evidence and by confession, were sentenced for life, and were sent away in chains to the fortress at Acre.

In 1860 more than eleven thousand Latin Christians were massacred in Syria, and the survivors were saved only by the prompt arrival of war-ships summoned by the consuls-general, and the subsequent two years' residence of several thousand French soldiers, who acted as the police of Europe. No massacre has since occurred in Syria.

In 1862 the American missionary, Mr. Coffing, was fired upon and robbed by a Moslem highwayman. Mr. Coffing died of his wounds, and the robber was identified as a nephew of Moostook Pasha, the hereditary Bey of Payas, near Alexandretta. After six months of continuous effort, supported by the French frigate *Mogador*, and at times by the British gunboat *Foxhound*, and finally by the United States corvette *Constellation*, the United States consul at Beirut succeeded in effecting the arrest, trial, conviction, and punishment of the protected assassin. He was beheaded on the plains of Tarsus, in the presence of five thousand spectators, among whom were consular representatives of the foreign powers, and was the first and only Moslem known at that time to have been executed for killing a Christian. In this case the consul had the cordial support of the United States minister at Constantinople, and received the official thanks of President Lincoln and Mr. Seward, both of whom took an earnest interest in the affair.

So also in Cyprus, satisfaction was fully accorded for the outrages committed on the American flag by Turkish officials. The governor-general of the island was forced by his own government to apologize in person to Consul Cesnola; the governor of the district was dismissed from office; the interpreter, whose domicile had been violated, received an adequate money indemnity; the conscripted janizary was released, and an official salute to the American

flag of twenty-one guns was fired from the fortress at Larnaka, after due official notice to foreign consuls. In this case the consul at Beirut, then acting as special commissioner in Cyprus, was aided by the occasional presence of an American war-ship. No threats were made. None was needed. The mere presence of our naval vessels rendered other than courteous words unnecessary. Turkish officials ever strive to read between the lines, and seldom depend on words, which they know may be used only to conceal the true intent. But it is also true that the consul, soon promoted to be consul-general, always had cordial support at Washington and Constantinople during his twelve years of official residence in Syria.

It is easy to understand why the appearance of war-ships should be effective in the East. Many of the provincial satraps are uneducated men, and have little idea of the American people or of the significance of the American flag. The central government is so given to intrigue and finesse that its officials are prone to believe that fine words, dinners, decorations, and other diplomatic devices will serve to postpone, if not to prevent, crises in foreign affairs. Their policy may thus be defined: To control subject races, "divide and govern"; to cajole foreign nations, "deceive and govern." In their foreign affairs, they promise freely, and promulgate reforms, capitulations, treaties, and even constitutions in serial numbers; but the performance is relegated to each succeeding reign or generation. By pitting foreign nations against one another the Porte relies on impunity, while they neutralize one another in their jealous strife for predominance.

The same Machiavelian astuteness in home affairs enables the Ottoman rulers to keep their subject races weak and submissive by setting them periodically at one another's throats. In Syria, the Druses and Metoualis were allowed to slaughter the Maronites. In Armenia, the Kurds were let loose upon the Armenians. Thus, with diabolical ingenuity in the art of government, small and inexpensive garrisons are made to do duty in the vast provinces of an enormous and conglomerate empire. Greeks and Bulgarians have in turn been slaughtered, and these massacres occur with such regularity as to indicate a traditional policy, which turns to account the waves of Moslem fanaticism or creates them with a settled purpose. Pretexts for these internecine struggles and massacres are easily found and fostered to suit the purpose of the merciless chief at Constantinople, who assumes also to be head of the Church. Self-centred, and impervious to the public opinion of Christendom, he cannot understand why foreign nations should object to his methods in governing his own people. History teaches him nothing, and experience throws no light upon his path. War-ships and armies only can he understand. Hence their necessity in conducting diplomatic intercourse with the Turk in each generation, for with each generation the lesson must be learned anew.

But this ought not to be true of other nations, who guide themselves by the lessons of the past. They should not year after year fall into the same trap or yield to the hypnotic power by which they are lulled to sleep. Is it not time that that "higher law" which was invoked to secure the emancipation of American slaves should be applied by Christian nations to prevent the extermination of the subject races of the East? "Am I my brother's keeper?" may not be more effective when uttered by a nation than by an individual; but is it too much to hope that the day may soon dawn when governments may unite in police regulations to prevent the wholesale slaughter of defenceless people? In these days sovereigns visit one another, and hear something of the conscience of Christendom as it voices itself outside of their respective embassies. The unions already formed to crush out the slave trade and to protect the wounded and defenceless in war are suggestive of more extensive combinations for the preservation of the human family, irrespective of race and creed.

Meanwhile our duty as a people seems plain. We should keep our vessels on the Turkish coast in support of an urgent demand for actual satisfaction of our claims, which are:

1. That the consuls appointed by our government should be received.

2. That adequate punishment be inflicted upon all Turkish officials guilty of complicity in outrages committed on the persons and property of American citizens, whether native-born or naturalized.

3. That money indemnity be paid for property and franchises destroyed.

4. That protection be afforded to American citizens in the enjoyment of all rights accorded by treaty or the usage of nations.

This course is free from objection, and if it results incidentally in saving helpless people from slaughter, so much the better. The work of the Red Cross and other relief societies, the Evangelical Alliance, and the mission of Bishop Satterlee to the Czar, are the bright pages in the record of the American people in connection with the great Turko-Armenian tragedy.

The attacks made upon the character and influence of American missionaries in Turkey are in no sense applicable to those who lived and labored in Syria among the Latin Christian races in the "sixties." The writer knew them all, and respected them highly for their level-headed, fair-minded, and businesslike methods in the conduct of their affairs. They were all college-bred men of mature age, prudent, sagacious, and unusually gifted as linguists, teachers, and scientists. Their hospitals, schools, colleges, and printing-presses were carefully administered. They taught their parishioners to serve God and honor the king. To "render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's" was a cardinal point in their teaching, and their native teachers and other employees were even forbidden to smuggle their own tobacco in going from town to town in the interior, because it was against the law. In the civil wars and massacres the missionaries did not hesitate to expose their own lives in relieving the besieged villagers, and in obtaining a needed truce between the hostile forces.

The Armenians in Syria were gentle and unassuming, while quietly successful and social in their relations with the people of other races and creeds. I never knew one of them to carry firearms or to quarrel with his neighbors on the plains; but the mountaineers of that race, like those of other races, would obtain and use weapons for protection against the Moslem ravagers of their crops and their women. The people of Zeitun and Hajin were traditionally known to be men who would fight whenever they were attacked in their homes, and they were known to be enthusiastically devoted to the Armenian church, even to the exclusion of Protestant missionaries from the villages occupied wholly by their coreligionists. For generations the Armenians of the mountains were successful in making it too difficult for their oppressors to crush them. But the Turks bided their time, and it came. The accumulated wealth and the Christian creed of the Armenians marked them as victims, and their destruction as a people was inevitable without European intervention. It is to be hoped that Moslem lust for Christian blood has been slaked for another generation, and that the great powers will at last be shamed into governing the Turkish Empire through a receivership, or by commission, as proposed by the writer in an address before the Nineteenth Century Club in 1892, and again in a letter to the *Tribune* of December 10, 1895, in which this suggestion was made:

> If action by the American people and nation is not deemed feasible, we can at least appeal to Europe to unite in placing the rule of the Turkish Empire in commission, in which each of the great powers shall be represented, and which, like the receivership of a vast railroad system, may conserve all interests intact and without prejudice to such subsequent adjustment as may be ultimately agreed upon.

From present indications the course above suggested will be substantially adopted as the only available solution. It avoids territorial dismemberment of the empire, on the one hand, and territorial aggrandizement of the rival powers on the other. Nominal Turkish suzerainty will doubtless remain in some Turkish prince, whose titular rank may save the *amour propre* of the dominant race, and whose maintenance may postpone if not prevent the much-dreaded international struggle for control by a single power.

J. Augustus Johnson.

STREET-COMMISSIONER WARING'S TOUR OF OBSERVATION IN EUROPE.

BY GEO. E. WARING, JUN.

I.—STREET-CLEANING IN VIENNA.

The impression produced by the streets of Vienna on the newly arrived American is altogether favorable. The pavement is much more uniformly good than he sees at home. There is less asphalt than we have, but the granite blocks, which are almost universal, are very regular and are very closely laid. They are perfect cubes of about eight-inch size; their surfaces are flat, and their edges are sharp. As they are stacked in the depot, a dozen rows high and in piles some fifty feet long, they lie almost as close and true to line as so many pressed bricks. In the streets they are laid, on a true foundation of concrete, in diagonal rows, the lines of their opposite corners running straight across from curb to curb. The surface is as nearly flat as the need for drainage will allow—much flatter than with us. I should say that on a roadway twenty-five feet wide, the middle is not more than two inches higher than the edge, and there is no perceptible deviation from a true surface either crosswise or lengthwise of the street. The joints between the blocks do not average more than a quarter of an inch. The material is hard, but it seems not to become slippery after years of use. The asphalt pavement is equally good, and both are on the average decidedly better than with us. The curb-stones are heavier and lower, and the sidewalks are very carefully laid—often with the same blocks as the streets.

The tracks of the street railroads are grooved rails, somewhat like those on Broadway, but they are heavier, and the two sides of the rail are equally high and equally broad. The groove in which the flange of the wheel runs is narrower than the narrowest carriage-wheel, so that in driving, the wheel passes obliquely to and fro over the track without interference from it or from the pavement beside it. Contrasted with our "centre-bearing rail," with a deep wide groove between it and the stone on each side of it, angering the driver, wrenching the vehicle and shortening its life, this Viennese device is most attractive. From the street-cleaner's point of view, the small channel to be cleaned by the railway-man's scraper is a vast gain over the two deep wide ruts that no broom can clean properly. Doubtless the cost of introducing this improved rail in New York would be covered in a very short time by the saving of wear and tear of vehicles and harness, and by the greater durability of the adjacent pavement, to say nothing of the comfort and cleanliness which it is one of the first duties of city government to secure.

The sidewalks are uniformly and always clean; they are swept twice a day by the householders, and, except in the colder months, they are sprinkled twice a day by some domestic device, ranging from a large bottle, or a pail of water and a whisk, to a watering-can. I asked the head of the street-cleaning service if he had difficulty in securing the proper performance of this work. He said that he gave it no attention whatever; that all the people do it as a matter of course, just as they attend to the floors of their houses, especially to those which may be seen by others. I frequently saw persons turn aside to spit in the street; I never saw one spit on the sidewalk. I mention these deviations from the cherished practice of my native land not because I am "un-American," but because it was my purpose to learn what I could, and to report what I learned.

In the matter of street-sweeping we are at no such disadvantage. Our best-paved streets, though not so well paved as these, are better cleaned; and our worst streets, with a pavement that would not be tolerated anywhere in Europe, are cleaner than the average of all except the best, in Vienna. The finer thoroughfares in the central part of the city are swept by machine between eleven and four in the night—so much as can be done by ten two-horse machines with their attendant sprinkling-carts. I drove out at four o'clock, but was already too late to overtake them at their work. In some places I found the sweepers taking up the "stroke" of the machines. It was trifling in amount, because these streets are constantly swept in the daytime. The machines give a fair start in the morning; but this is a very busy town, and when the men came on for their work at six, there was already much for them to do.

The sweeping force cannot compare with our own. Many of the men are old, few of them seem to be industrious, and they dress like the New York sweepers of days long past. They use long-handled birch brooms, which they swing over a wide swath, and when the street is dry they raise a cloud of dust. Some of them used (and most of them seemed to have) cans with very long spouts terminating in rose-sprinklers. The can is held against the breast, and the body is swayed from side to side, throwing the water over a considerable width. It seemed a good plan. Aside from the broom and can, each sweeper has a shovel, an odd-shaped dust-pan, and a mediæval two-wheeled hand-cart, weighing as much as a buggy.

The dust-pan has a sheet-iron bottom about eighteen square, and wooden sides and back about eight inches high (the back higher than the sides). From the back there rises vertically a handle of narrow board, with a hole for the hand; the board reaches to about the height of the armpit. This is held with the left hand and arm, the iron bottom flat on the ground, and the long broom is worked with the right hand. When the pan is full it is carried to the side of the street and dumped in small piles. In due time the hand-cart is trundled to one pile after another, and is filled with the shovel. Then it is wheeled away to some convenient place where the traffic is not too active, and its contents are shovelled out and added to a fast-growing heap, which is afterwards shovelled into the great wagons that haul it away to the point of final disposal.

Vienna is divided into nine wards. Only the first (Bezirk I.), the fine central part, is cleaned entirely by the city's own force. The others are largely cared for by contractors. There is a good deal of macadam in all the wards, even in the central one. The areas are recorded by square metres, which is necessary because some streets are 200 feet wide, and some not over 20 feet, with roadways in proportion. The whole roadway area is equal to about 550 miles of our streets. The paved street area of the first ward equals only about 25 miles of ours. This is all as well cleaned as the Bowery and Grand Street, much of it as well as Fifth Avenue and Broadway.

The cost of cleaning this 25 miles, including the removal of sweepings and house wastes, sprinkling twice a day in the warmer months, and removing all the snow in winter, is about 400,000 gulden. At the present rate of exchange the gulden is worth 41¼ cents. In wages it is worth, as compared with street-cleaners' wages in New York, about $2 94. That is to say, the pay of a sweeper in Vienna is one gulden per day, and he works ten hours. Our men get $2 30, and they work not much more than eight hours. All expenses are in about the same proportion, and this is to be remembered when the cost of our work is compared with that of Europe. A mile of street in the heart of Vienna (calculated to our width) costs, sprinkling and snow included, about 16,000 gulden a year. A mile of average street in New York costs, without sprinkling and snow, $7190. As indicated above, our men work more faithfully, and our streets, on the average, are cleaner. The outlying eight wards in Vienna are mostly very imperfectly cleaned. The outlay for the whole city is only about 1,500,000 gulden.

The average cost of snow removal *in the first ward* is from 80,000 to 100,000 gulden. After heavy storms as many as 12,000 extra men are hired—mainly in the first ward—and thousands of teams are hired. A bargain is made with each to haul away the snow from a given area.

The work is well systematized as to all that is done by the department, save that the sweepers are not kept up to the mark as they might be. The chief overseer of each district gets only 1500 gulden per year, while our district superintendent gets $1800; but he is usually a man of good position, and he esteems it a great honor to have such important work intrusted to him, and he devotes himself to it.

The collection of house wastes goes on all day, but the collecting-wagons have notice given of their coming, by bell or otherwise, and the garbage, etc., in boxes and baskets of every sort, are set out just in time for them. These wagons are very large and cumbersome, and they are covered. They collect sweepings and house wastes indiscriminately, and are hauled out about an hour's distance into the country, where their contents are turned over to the "scow-trimming" contractor of the locality. The unsaleable refuse is finally used for filling depressions left by the old course of the Danube. The contractor and his wife work at the "picking," like the men, women, and children whom they employ. Their business is well managed, and little that can be turned to account is allowed to escape. An important item of their collection is fuel—bits of wood, cinders, coal, etc.; and this is made the subject of a very Yankee-like piece of cleverness. The workmen are allowed to carry home all of this material that they collect on Saturday. They seem not to consider that the sufficiency of their output in the same line on the other five days of the week is measured by the Saturday standard.

It is hardly necessary to say that no fair comparison can be made between the street-cleaning work of this city and that of New York, even if it would be proper for me to make it. The conditions are all very different. Some of our methods could be adopted with advantage in Vienna, and some of their apparatus would be worth trying in New York. For example, their sweeping-machines are of a much better pattern than ours, and they have a snow-plough that is most useful. Though this latter costs about 900 gulden, the street railways use 200 of them, and the city has nearly the same number for its own work.

There are street-sprinkling wagons of various sorts. One has about eight feet of hose leading from its tap, and a boy, walking at a safe distance behind it, jerks a connecting-rope in such a way as to swing the end of the hose from side to side, throwing a good spray over a width of four yards or more. This seems crude, but it is effective. Another wagon which finds much favor in the department is a very complete machine. Its reservoir of iron is hermetically sealed, and it has an air-pump, worked by the revolution of a hind wheel by means of a sprocket and chain (like a bicycle). The pressure may be regulated anywhere from one ounce to thirty pounds per square inch, and the spray may be delivered to the rear or to either side at will, or to the full half-circle. Everything is under the easy control of the driver. The work is effective for a width of twenty-five feet or more, or less, according to the pressure given. It is a great advantage of this watering-wagon that it sprinkles the streets without deluging them.

THE OPERA IN NEW YORK—SOCIAL AMENITIES AND REFRESHMENTS

BETWEEN THE ACTS AT THE METROPOLITAN.—Drawn by A. B. Wenzell.

THE AMERICAN UNIVERSITY.

THE American University at Washington, D. C., now in its sturdy infancy, but affording promise of stalwart and efficient maturity, is one of the most suggestive and promising phenomena of the century. Constructive souls often pass for mere dreamers. Yet none the less do "coming events cast their shadows before." The prophet's vision is the broken antetype of future reality. Bishop John F. Hurst, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, entering into the reveries and plans of many distinguished predecessors, became one of a company that "builded better than they knew," but built in theory chiefly. Time, fitness, force, and fund were all lacking for the translation of potential into the actual energy of accomplishment. Abiding conviction of common need was the impulse to labor. What was needed was not clearly perceived. The "father of his country," for political reasons, advocated the establishment of a national university in the city which bears his name. American youth, in his opinion, should be imbued therein with purely American ideas, should identify the best form of government with that of, by, and for the people, and in so doing should be better patriots.

The American University proposes to do in the national capital all and more than has been asked of the Federal government—to do it in better style and spirit, at vastly less cost, and with results contributive to symmetrical evolution of the highest ultimate possibilities of the American people. Nor has it aught save the heartiest "God-speed" for all institutions that may aspire to follow its lead.

Neither statesman, legist, nor jurist, neither evangelist, ecclesiastic, nor educator of distinctively American spirit and aim, now or at any time, can be found who does not believe that cultivated intelligence and inflexible uprightness are essential to the stability and welfare of the great republic. This careful knowing and trained doing may receive richest grace within the domain of a university. Therefore, Methodist laymen, ministers, bishops, and authors have patiently and even pathetically toiled for the erection of an ideal institution. Successive General Conferences have approved their plans; annual conferences, conventions of college presidents, and individuals have given counsel, prayer, and money. Art and science proffer all that in them is of aid and comfort.

The American University, with its twenty-six projected structures, is domiciled on the ninety beautiful acres (where stood Fort Gaines) that crown one of the most picturesque eminences, four miles from the Capitol, in the District of Columbia, and whose market value will not be less than a million dollars. From them the eye roams over the wooded hills and hazily charming ranges of the Blue Ridge Mountains, the luxuriant vistas of Maryland, and the gracefully artistic palaces of Washington. Massachusetts Avenue, the principal residence street of the latter, will be extended through the university grounds, leaving room for professional mansions on its right, while on the left a broad mall will lead from the massive gateway to a modest height topped by dome and gables of the Administration Building, Library, and Chapel. The plan of the Campus is by Frederick Law Olmsted, the gifted landscape-architect of Brookline, Massachusetts. It is subject to modification as occasion may demand in progress toward completion.

Structures and appliances are only externals. The real university consists of men and women athirst for knowledge, loving truth, doing righteousness, and utilizing power for the uplifting of humanity. The American University is not national in the sense of subjection to governmental control—it is national in geographic position as chartered by Congress, in representative character, and in devotion to the weal of our swarming millions. Non-sectarian, of unifying force in national life, and yet largely denominational, its Chancellor and two-thirds of the trustees must be members of the Methodist Episcopal Church. The choice of the latter is confirmed by the General Conference. Six different religious bodies—including the Protestant Episcopal, Presbyterian, Congregational, Baptist, and Methodist Episcopal South, are represented in the board of trustees. Professors may be members of the Methodist or of other churches, or of none. It is safe to predict that none will be opposed to the spirit and teachings of evangelical Christianity. They ought not to be. All citizens may rightfully organize for worthy objects. Entrance into such organizations is voluntary. Continuous connection should be loyal and co-operative. Change of opinion and feeling should either be silent or lead to manly withdrawal.

The American University is designed for purely post-graduate professional study and original research. All who enter must present diplomas of graduation in science or art from some institution of general preparation. Its scope is of the widest; its qualities and claims equal—possibly superior—to those of Harvard, Yale, Johns Hopkins, Chicago, Oxford, Leipsic, and Berlin. Its founders intend that it shall illustrate the purest forms of erudite humanity, the untrammelled energy of Christian thought, that faith of evangelically Arminian type which is practically the "Credo" of the commonwealth, and an apostolic devotion to the Christ and the world-extension of His kingdom.

Bold and daring as this unique educational conception may be, it is amply justified by the numbers, social requirements, and resources of Methodism on the North American Continent. In 1895 the members of the Methodist Episcopal Church numbered 2,766,656; those of the Methodist Episcopal Church South, 1,387,823; those of minor Methodist bodies, over 865,386; and of Methodist denominations not publishing their statistics, enough to swell the immense total to five and a quarter millions. Methodism possesses an educational equipment of commensurate proportions, worth $40,000,000 at least. The Methodist Episcopal Church alone has under its control in this and other lands: 19 theological seminaries, 4 missionary institutes and Bible-training schools, 57 colleges and universities, 56 classical seminaries, 9 female colleges and seminaries, 76 foreign mission schools, 2657 teachers and professors, 42,249 students, and property valued at $28,000,000. Other sections of the Methodist Church modestly make like exhibits. The whole is of service as showing the increase of a church beginning in 1766 with a congregation of five German-Irish immigrants in New York, and whose first school—Cokesbury College—of higher education perished in the flames.

Notwithstanding this dire calamity, the Methodist Church is said by Professor Bashford, of the Ohio Wesleyan University, to have made more rapid progress in college work within the last half-century than any other church in the land. In 1833 denominational colleges graduated 75 per cent. of all who completed a college course in the United States. Since then, despite the competition of munificently endowed secular colleges, the percentage rose to 79 in 1883. "The Protestant Episcopal Church contributed 8 per cent. in 1833, and 5 per cent. fifty years later; the Congregationalists, 8 per cent. in 1833, and 12 per cent. fifty years later; the Baptists contributed 7 per cent. in 1833, and 14 per cent. fifty years later; the Methodists contributed 6 per cent. fifty years ago, and 19 per cent. in 1883." The proportion of students supplied by the last-mentioned will doubtless enlarge, because their teachers have done for theology what Bacon did for science in calling men back from speculation and theory to the test of personal experience. Twenty-one students from American Methodist homes by letter from Berlin voiced their joy at the prospect of such a university as the American at Washington. Had it existed at the epoch of their departure, elected studies would from preference have been prosecuted at home. Europe contains many like cases, who thoroughly sympathize with them.

College-bred men in the United States number only one-fifth of one per cent., or 1 in 500 of the population. Yet they have furnished 30 per cent. of our Congressmen, 50 per cent. of our Senators, 60 per cent. of our Presidents, and over 70 per cent. of our Supreme Court Judges. Nearly one-fifth of all college graduates are from Methodist institutions. These institutions, all things considered, are and ought to be—and especially the American University—of the most Christian and excellent.

The resources of American Methodism are sufficiently opulent to build and to endow such a university, were it wise to do so, every year. In 1893 the enormous aggregate of $33,319,856 was given in sums of over $1000 by private donation and bequest to colleges, museums, churches, libraries, art-galleries, and other educational agencies in the United States. Johns Hopkins began its brilliant career with the aid of $3,500,000; Chicago has received over seven, and Leland Stanford over ten million dollars. The American needs five at the beginning of active life, ten when fully under way, and larger sums as professorships, lectureships, and fellowships are established, halls of history, religion, science, philosophy, technology, languages, literature, law, medicine, art, etc., erected, and the Woman's Hall and dormitory, refectories, gymnasia, and instructors' houses built.

It is best, perhaps, that the ten millions required should come from many rather than few donors. The university will then grip the mind and heart of its constituency with kindlier force. Comparatively few large donations and bequests have found their way into its treasury. Probably 25 per cent. of the gifts already made have been from members of Protestant denominations other than the Methodist. Roman Catholics, including a nephew of Pope Leo, are among its benefactors. All Methodist churches and societies, Epworth Leagues, and kindred associations, now numbering more than a million souls, are natural patrons. The rich may ensure posthumous remembrance by the erection of halls or endowment of chairs of learning, while the givers of mites—where mites are all they can give—may, like modern Jewish benefactors, have their names inscribed in a Book of Life. Donations from Canada, Australia, and Great Britain have been promised and will in due time be forth-coming. Among the bequests of 1895 is one of $50,000 from Hart A. Massey, Esq., of Toronto, Canada; $25,000 from Mrs. Delia F. Root, of Buffalo, and residuary interests in two large estates. The total assets of the institution are estimated at $1,040,000. These facts are full of inspiration. They evince the tendency to that Christian unity in diversity which is "distinct as the billows, but one as the sea."

The American University responds in the best sense to the demand of ex-President Harrison that "it must be a National University, with strong emphasis on both words." Methodism, whose truest definition is that of "Christianity in earnest," never loses sight of the fact that it was born and cradled in a university. Oxford's proudest distinction is that in the persons of John and Charles Wesley, and their brethren of the "Holy Club," it gave rise to the mightiest and most merciful religious movement of modern times. "John Wesley of Oxford, standing with the Word of God in his right hand and a basket of bread for prisoners on his left arm, is a fitting type for all time of the impulses, of the spirit, of the aspiration of the Methodist heart and mind."

Why the American University should be located at Washington is evident to all discerning minds. Washington is the national capital, sensorium of the body politic, whither every internal and external sensation is transmitted, and from which issues the governing force that regulates the Federal system, and adjusts its relations to other sovereignties. It is the home of a cultivated and leisurely class, the resort of the vigorous and efficient from all parts of the United States, the residence of the foreign diplomatic corps, and the Mecca of foreign visitors. Money given for scholarly and educational purposes will go further in Washington than in any other centre, because of the rich and rare scientific collections in that city. Major John Wesley Powell, of the Ethnological and Indian Survey, reported several years ago that the original investments made by the United States government in them aggregates more than $40,000,000. These collections are precisely such as an ideal university should possess. They do not, and will not, cost anything to those who profit by them. They include the Library of Congress, which cost about $9,000,000; the National Museum, $6,500,000; Patent Office, $5,500,000; Bureau of Education, $200,000; Ethnological Museum, $200,000; the Army and Navy Medical Museum, $1,500,000; the Department of Agriculture, $3,000,000; Fish Commission, $1,000,000; Botanic Garden, $1,250,000; Coast and Geodetic Survey, $1,500,000; Geological Survey, $1,500,000; and the Naval Observatory, $1,825,000. The Army and Navy Medical Museum is without a peer. Not even that in Vienna contains so extensive and valuable a collection of artificial specimens of disease and wounds.

Thus all or nearly all the materials requisite to study and original research are at hand. Nor is there any danger that in future they will fail to meet the demand. The Army and Navy Medical Museum received recently an annual Congressional appropriation of $15,060; the Bureau of Education of $54,620; Ethnological Museum, $50,000; Botanic Garden, $21,000; Coast Survey, $513,000; Fish Commission, $348,000; Department of Agriculture, $2,722,000; Geological Survey, $631,000; Congressional Library, $57,000; National Museum, $200,000; Naval Observatory, $45,000; Patent Office, $893,000; Zoological Park, $50,000; and the Smithsonian Institution—founded by a noble Englishman—$87,000. All these priceless treasures, unequalled by the acquisitions of any university, are by act of Congress—obtained through the instrumentality of officers of the American University—thrown open to the free use of all students. They represent part of the value of institutional facilities and instruments of labor.

That the possible may become the actual, the American University purposes to provide amplest means for post-graduate and professional students. From this plan its charter inhibits any deviation. The soundest growths are, ordinarily, the slowest. Paul, Luther, and Wesley were in the thirties when entering upon their life work—and who has been more efficient than they? Women will be entitled to equal privileges with men. Noble and gifted women are members of the Board of Trustees, and, in their way, as helpful as the President, Vice-President, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, and Speaker of the House of Representatives of the United States of America, who are also trustees *ex officio*.

The noble group of edifices that will adorn the picturesque plateau begins very appropriately with the Hall of History, whose cost of construction and endowment is provided for, and whose corner-stone was laid with churchly and Masonic rites on Wednesday afternoon, October 21, 1896. The gavel used by the Masons is of marble, has an ebony handle, and is coated with inscribed gold on one side. It is the one used by George Washington in laying the corner-stone of the national Capitol, September 18, 1793, has been employed four times only, and was used on this occasion because the American University is decidedly national in its character. The building is of classic Grecian style, massive, durable, of white marble from Vermont, 176 by 70 feet in superficial area, 2½ stories high, rock-faced in the foundation-story, but tool-dressed in the upper ones, and will cost $158,000.

Which will follow next, the College of Languages, toward which $50,000 has been contributed, or the Asbury Memorial Hall, for which the clergy have subscribed $100,000, is not certain. In the latter the College for Missionaries will find a home, and in it will thousands of Christian men and women receive, in the languages, literature, and history of the countries whither they will go, in comparative theology and religious, and in international law, "the highest equipment for carrying the gospel most intelligently to the babbling nations of the earth." The trained diplomatists at the national capital can truly estimate their importance. History, sacred and secular, shows that to the keeping and disseminating of these men and women is intrusted the ideas, the feelings, the principles, the forces, that shatter systems of ancient wrong, reconstruct society on a new basis, change the face of the world, and inspire confidence of undreamably good things in the centuries to come. Missionaries cannot be too intelligent, consecrated, godly; nor can the contemplated reserved missionary fund of the university be too large.

Next in order is the College of Technology. This is in urgent demand. In it provision should be made "for the best and highest training in mechanical and electrical engineering," and in the auxiliaries of these great and growing departments of our modern civilization. In due procession will follow the College of Law—law whose essence is that of clear good sense, whose voice is the symphony of the universe, whose source is in the nature of the eternal Jehovah.

Pedagogy is another field of which the university will develop the illimitable resources. Men who have received scientific training in the governmental departments at Washington are in constant request as instructors in learned institutions throughout the United States. No less than seventy-two men reported by Major Powell as having served in his office on the Indian survey are now professors in leading scientific establishments in this country. The demand for competent instructors is urgent and must be met. One of the great services the new university hopes to render is that of fully preparing men for professional service in any department of public activity.

Two of the colleges projected will be of special consequence. One is the College of Scientific Temperance, which will investigate the nature of intoxicants and narcotics, their influence on persons and communities, on the national welfare, and on that of the world at large. It will also study the questions of remedies, legislation, and administration, of criminology, penology, and reform. Few scientific institutions are capable of more valuable service to the republic than this. To it we may look for exhaustive exposition, including statistics, of the deadliest social evil afflicting our beloved country. For this sorely needed institution the funds in part, if not in whole, are promised. Of similar importance will be the College of Medicine, the plan of which has been confided to the consultative preparation of an eminent physician and surgeon, Dr. C. B. Stemen, of Fort Wayne, Indiana, who is one of a committee of five appointed by one hundred and forty-six medical colleges in the United States to prepare a four years' curriculum for students. Passage through this will prepare for post-graduate study in the hall to be built. Along with, before or after, some of these edifices will arise halls of mathematics, physics, chemistry and physiology, natural history, political science, art, engineering, music, and other departments of social thought, skill, and beneficence. Nor is it possible to foresee the end of additions to them as new circumstances and conditions of society present themselves. Official movement thus far has been very cautious. Ample funds must be assured before any department is opened or any building begun.

From any of the results of normal education, religion and the true Church of the living God have nothing to dread. Nor does the ecclesiastical element purpose to play any part to the disadvantage of the university. One leading Church is responsible for its lofty ideals and patient development. It intends to have every department of science and art so fully represented, and so efficiently equipped for the highest work, that denominational affinities will be forgotten in the enjoyment of broad scientific opportunities. Bishop A. W. Wilson, of the Meth-

odist Episcopal Church, South, scouted the idea of peril to religion. "All the works that man handles and investigates are the works of God, and there should be no fear of breaking away from God in making the investigation. The instincts of man's nature will not permit him to turn away from God merely because he has studied Him and finds out a little more about Him through His works." With ex-Governor Pattison of Pennsylvania, another of the speakers, he holds that moral and religious education coincide with mental and physical training; and that the more widely such coincidence is diffused the better it will be for the country. The widest range of thought is enjoyed by those whose understanding has felt the quickening touch of the Christ—the Light and Life of the world. The American University stands "for the highest ideals in the life of the individual, the Church, and the nation—for the highest and best in possible attainment and achievement." In this it is consistent with the Methodism which was the first to offer congratulations to pledge prayer for and loyal support to President Washington soon after his inauguration; and also to enter enthusiastically into his hopes and toils for the establishment of a national university of transcendent power and excellence.

The American University is singularly favored with the chancellorate of Bishop John Fletcher Hurst. Previous life has been preparative for his great providential work. Graduate of Dickinson College, post-graduate student in the German universities of Halle and Heidelberg, leader for five years of evangelically Arminian theological education in Germany, beloved pastor and popular preacher, professor in and president of Drew Theological Seminary at Madison, New Jersey, whose lost endowment of $300,000 he successfully replaced, he is the man of destiny, or rather of divine choice, for the grandly beneficent work assigned to his doing. Long experience in the episcopate of wise dealing with ministers and laymen in the solution of difficult problems adds to qualification for the post. His scholarly tastes and creative habits, wide learning, costly and precious bibliophile collections, prolific authorship of standard volumes, and many-sided development, versatility in adaptation, familiarity with many men of many minds and with many things, with the deep things of God, and with the meaning of the universe, combine in the light and leading of modest and godly life. Bishop Hurst has represented the American University from its practical inception. To it he has given himself unreservedly. Dreamer as he is, and as all "makers" must be, he said privately, when the corner-stone of the Hall of History was laid, "I see no unfinished building, no half-completed undertaking, no rough country paths; but to me it appears as finished—not so largely as it is hoped it will be—but I see only finished buildings, worn walks, and the general departments in full operation."

RICHARD WHEATLEY.

ALTERNATING CURRENTS.

BY ROSINA HÜBLEY EMMET.

I.

THE Las Vegas Valley lay hot and silent beneath a burning September sun. It was a lonely California valley, somewhere in the central part of the State, but touched with tropical ripeness. The long drought of summer had parched the earth and shrivelled the sap in the trees, and only the slim dark bay-leaves and red-limbed madrona-trees stood out, spots of darkness, amid the pervading lightness. A white road starting in the town of Las Vegas wound through the valley, and was lost in the distant meeting of dark hills. It was along this road that two men were riding. On the first glance instinct would have pronounced them Englishmen. On the second, a germ of doubt might have hindered the easy flow of speculation, for there was a hopeless unkempt air about the two men, especially the older one. The younger man was slim and upright, and sat his bony mustang with a certain careless well-bred ease. They were both oppressed by the heat and the powdery white dust, and their faces showed it. The younger man had pulled his old sombrero down so low that his high fair features were scarcely visible in the strong shadow it cast on his face. Finally he said, tired of the silence between them,

"Marshall, what are we riding to the village for?"

His companion roused himself to grunt out: "I am going for more whiskey. You won't get as far as that."

"Why not?" asked the younger man, good-humoredly, anxious for a teasing to relieve the monotony of their ride.

His companion troubled himself to glance at him from beneath the brim of his wide felt hat. Then he said, with a perceptible lowering of the corners of his lips:

"How about the girl? She'll be waiting for you in the garden. I suppose you stop there, and play the old game?"

The younger man, whose name was Burlsdon, sighed restlessly, and straightened his shoulders a little. Then he drew in a long breath of the red-hot afternoon, and remarked,

"If a man is condemned to life here, there must be something to lighten it."

"You've got hold of the only woman in the neighborhood. Don't kick."

Burlsdon flushed beneath his coat of tan.

"If I were a beast, you could not put it worse. The girl is a lady. I like her for her refinement. Hang it all, if a man has something near him that he must treat with respect, he does not feel quite so confoundedly sunk!"

The older man's sneer was very evident now.

"Well, you have the girl to treat as you choose. If it's respect, she probably won't like it half so well as she would the treatment any ordinary man would give her; and if your object is to keep from sinking, it doesn't pay here. Give it up."

"I have," said Burlsdon, letting his shoulders fall back to their old droop. "Hang it, it's better than sweating your life away trying to make a name in the world!"

Unconsciously, as he spoke, he looked around him, and then pinned his eyes on a distant range of darkly clad hills. Beyond these rose a shadowy line of mountains, and over all was the hot blue sky. The valley was walled in on both sides by the unbroken hills, and above them the light sky rested like a canopy. The young man, as he looked, suddenly was haunted by the idea that he was imprisoned by those eternal hills, and he had been generated by the most highly civilized class in the world, and he had spoken of sweating one's life away trying for fame. And here he was, sweating away the best years of his life, doing nothing, in this white silent chamber of the great active world! He gave his horse an angry spur, and the animal curved its neck and stiffened its obstinate knees. The older man gave a short laugh.

"Don't try to work your temper off on the beast," he said.

Burlsdon relaxed his tightened muscles, and after a little more coaxing the mustang resumed his loose-jointed walk. Burlsdon gave an impatient jerk to the brim of his hat.

"Not temper," he remarked, with a very attractive smile, half amusement, half scepticism, "but only a final kick or two before I absolutely accept life in this valley. Ranching is good enough for some men, but it is not an outlet for ambition. I was in luck that evening I met you in a liquor saloon and you put up this scheme. But, hang it all, the old life tugs at me sometimes and I want to go back!"

"Back to England to beg?" said his companion, with a wiry edge of sarcasm in his voice.

"No—no—" answered Burlsdon, quickly. "Understand that I accept the life I am leading, only I think of what I might have done. The same old thing. It is going to haunt men till the end of time. I am a pariah, an outcast! No, worst of all, a younger son, with no hope, no prospects!"

He stopped abruptly and rode on, with his chin pitched a little higher, and all the civilization in him rising, supremely dominant. His companion did not answer. He gave another side glance at Burlsdon, and a quick light of appreciation shot across his face; for Burlsdon's clean-limbed, supple figure and proud Saxon face were fair things to look upon, and they touched what were best in the older man.

The two rode in silence, till they reached the outskirts of the village and came upon a small adobe house standing mutely alone, encircled by the ravenous arms of tropical vegetation. Then, without a word, Burlsdon pulled up his horse, and his companion put spurs to his and rode away in a cloud of white dust. Burlsdon jumped from his horse, and leaving him standing drooping beneath the weight of a Mexican saddle, advanced to the low board fence. It was a whitewashed fence, covered by a heavy flowering passion-vine, and beyond it was a garden, complex in its tangle of rich dark hues and dry aromatic odors. A belt of eucalyptus-trees rose silvering to one side of the low adobe house, and beneath them a dark-faced girl was sitting. When she saw Burlsdon she rose quickly, and walking to the fence, leaned lightly on the passion-vine and began to talk to him in a low voice. The young man did most of the talking, and sometimes a laugh broke from the girl—not the shrill cackle common to Spanish women, but deep notes wrung out painfully, as if laughter were foreign to her. They stood so talking for some time, then Burlsdon caught at his pony's bridle, and straddling him easily, bent down for a last word with the girl, and lifting the brim of his hat, rode off.

When the sound of his horse's hoofs had died away, the afternoon took its old white stillness again, and the Spanish girl sat down in the garden with her brown hands folded in her lap, and her eyes pinned on the white road leading to the valley. She seemed contented with the dulness of her life. But as she sat there she was watched. Her father was sitting at one of the windows of the small adobe house, and his eyes were fixed with a look of strange passion on the uplifted profile in the garden. He had it before him against a background of palest sky; he could not escape it. It was the head of a young Spanish woman—the face set in intense lines, the eyes rounded by heavy black rings, and coarse hair sweeping back in a wave from the temples. It had the beauty of dead-black against the ivory of forehead and neck, and it gave the impression of another sphere, suggestive of a temperament peculiar to the Latin races, and incomprehensible to most Northern intelligences.

The afternoon silence was broken by the cries of the frogs in the dry creek-bed, and beyond that silence reigned; and beyond that lay the world of the man's memories, and the girl's uplifted profile drove him there.

These memory pictures caused him to move uneasily, and his eyes left the white hot foreground and pinned themselves on the distant line of hills. He leaped those hills in imagination, and then recrossed them, as he had done twenty years ago. He was a young Englishman then, and had come with a child, the embryo of the woman in the garden. His mind flew over the years that followed—hard-worked, scorching, unknown—and he was brought to a stop by the face of the girl. This was the only result, then—a life breaking into maturity, and himself severed from the rest of the world by a gulf too wide to hope to recross.

After a few moments, he rose nervously, and stepping out into the garden, paused beside his daughter. She did not speak, nor even move, for she appeared as one of the women whose work is done best by a star-eyed silence. Her father spoke to her in a low voice.

"Stella—"

She looked at him silently. He went on speaking:

"Mr. Burlsdon—what did he want of you?"

She answered, directly, "He wanted to talk with me."

"Why?"

"I do not know."

"Stella, I have tried to teach you honesty, not to others more than yourself. You must guess why he stops to talk to you so often."

Her eyes met his in a full look, and she had no words to answer, only he saw, as each fresh glance of perception leaped across her face, that her mind was being forced to clasp realities. Then looking at him, and blushing deeply, she drew in a long shivering breath, and only said,

"Can you mean that?"

She had never had a lover before, and now the frequent visits of the young Englishman came back to her in the fulness of their meaning, and each one seemed more significant than the last. His incomprehensible looks claimed her remembrance, and the ardent words he had just spoken. He was different, she told herself—in a sphere away from hers. She had not just understood at first; now, through her father's eyes, she could see.

Her father watched the bent head and burning cheeks, and he realized that the moment he had long dreaded had come. He had told himself that this dreamy, silent girl, whose beauty was only half awakened, must burst into maturity some day, and then the passion which was hers by right would show itself and grimace at him. The time was ripe, and he saw in the ebb and flow of emotion which crossed and recrossed her face the results he had dreaded. Without a pause he plunged forward, dry lipped, but strung up with desperation.

"Stella, has he told you he loves you?"

She answered with the simplicity of a child: "Not in words. But I think he does."

"Never spoken a word of love?"

"He has looked it, father."

"How long have you felt this way towards him? How long has he been giving you these looks of love?"

"Since the first."

"And I have been blind! No, no! I have dreaded—God knows this is just punishment."

She stared at him at that word.

"You said—"

"Punishment—it is just—for this is a thing that can never be."

"How can it help being?"

He answered in a determined voice: "He is an Englishman—well born, if my information is correct. They all have one blood in them. They have a pride of race which gives their nation its greatness. They will not mix themselves with others. They are not blood-hounds or vultures—they are Englishmen, and that is worse."

She raised her head and looked at her father.

"I love him," she said.

"What can be done?" he cried, weakly.

She was conscious of only one thing. This new life shooting within and his words meant nothing to her.

"For it cannot be," added her father.

She crossed her hands with a mute gesture, and her face seemed to burn its intensity into his understanding.

"My own sins turning upon me," he murmured.

Suddenly a quick cry burst from her.

"Let me be alone," and turning, she brushed rudely past him, and disappeared around the corner of the house.

He watched the flutter of dress till it was lost, then touching his forehead vaguely, he muttered:

"Same old thing. How long will they carry it on! My hand has been in— Lord! Lord!"

But the cry of memory was followed by a glimpse of a reckless smile before the face took its lines of customary sorrow.

II.

Later that night, when the stars were staring red-eyed out of a heavy black sky, the two Englishmen were smoking just outside the door of a ranch-house in the valley beyond the village. One was Burlsdon, his hard, slim figure stretched its length on the ground; the other, Marshall, almost double the age of the younger man, as suggested by his more ample outline. Both were smoking silently, wrapped in the red-hot air, and only the ceaseless cries of the frogs broke through the stillness.

In the darkness the ranch-house showed, rising into the night, and overflowing with a wealth of vines. The two men were sitting on a rough home-made terrace, just outside the front door, and below them, in the upper corral, they could hear the noises of huddling cattle.

Marshall finished his pipe, knocked out the ashes, and refilling it, took a comprehensive glance at the misty sky and the peculiar color of the stars, remarking,

"Looks like the first rain."

Burlsdon grunted assent from the earth, adding,

"No end of a wash-out along the grade."

They were two Englishmen, who, when together, condensed their remarks to the merest rudiments. They had lived together for a year, and conversation had always been scant between them, but to-night Marshall appeared in an aggressive light.

"If there's a wash-out, there's a knock-out too," he remarked. "The hill vineyard won't hold against it."

"It's a farce anyway," muttered Burlsdon, mixing in a yawn, "our doing anything with fruit; we can't make it pay. This is an infernal country to make a thing pay."

"Lack of successful qualities—not in the country, though."

"No—the men; my touch is not golden. I would not be here if it were."

"Where would you be—sitting in the House of Peers?"

"Not exactly. A couple of layers must die off before I come to that."

"I thought that there was only your brother?"

"That is all, I believe, but he is equal to a whole generation."

Burlsdon rolled over on the ground, and began playing like an idle child with the ears of a scraggy Scotch hound lying beside him.

Marshall fell upon a second pipe and watched him. He was inclined to dote foolishly on the good-humored Burlsdon, for he liked the slim, well-proportioned figure and easy-going ingenuousness, and Burlsdon had a streak of boyish sentimentalism through him, and a love of Shelley and Keats, which Marshall outwardly affected scorn of, but secretly indulged. After he had finished his pipe and

watched Burlsdon torture the dog a bit longer, he remarked,

"How's the señorita?"

Burlsdon sat up and flung back his hair. "Just the same," he answered.

"You cut your visit short to-day."

"Yes; that confounded old father was there."

"Oh! You don't find it so easy with a sentry over you."

The edge of a sneer was plain to Burlsdon. He answered, sulkily, "Neither would you."

"Who would?" said Marshall; "not the demure little Spanish cackler, certainly."

"She's an English woman—a lady. Her father is a gentleman. You might as well remember that," said Burlsdon, swiftly.

"Oh!" breathed Marshall. "All that? Well, then, you are on the square with her, it seems!"

The younger man's blush burned in the darkness.

"Confound your infernal way of sizing up a woman!" he cried.

"My dear fellow, I respect the girl," said Marshall, laughing. "I don't bother my head about her. I took her in and sized her up before you ever knew she existed. I don't want her."

"Then leave her alone," retorted Burlsdon, sinking back. It was too hot for sustained anger.

"She has some beauty, that's a fact," muttered Marshall; "but her voice croaks, and she has no figure."

The croak, as he politely called it, was what touched a chord of appreciation in Burlsdon. He fired again.

"Oh, well! Put a double-barrelled microscope over anything and of course there are some flaws, especially if you are looking at a woman!"

"Come," said Marshall, "I admit you have heard some nasty stories perhaps, but I am too old now; I am gone, as far as anything else is concerned. What I want to know is, are you in earnest about this girl?"

Burlsdon asked himself the same question, and his twenty-four years of chivalry answered, unanimously, "I am in earnest."

"A settled thing? A clergyman, and all the rest of it?"

"Confound you—of course!"

"You have thought it out, I suppose—balanced everything and taken the risks?"

"Risks?"

"Well, rather! There is one man between you and a fortune and title and seat in the House of Peers. According to your own accounts, your brother is always on the verge of some illness."

"But that sort never really go."

"You say so now; but one day he snuffs out like a candle, and you find yourself stepping into his place with an ignorant Spanish wife and brood of half-breed children!"

"Ugh!" from Burlsdon.

"Wouldn't that be a drag on your future?"

"The way you put it—yes, I suppose so; but the old place and my mother, and the riding to hounds on frosty mornings, and the smell of a well-groomed horse! It's the only life worth living. Why do you remind me?"

His mind fell to playing him underhand tricks, and memory saturated him with the good old life. It swept him on to a possible future in the stirring world beyond the black mountains which surrounded the ranch. He moved restlessly on the ground, and laid merciless fingers on the dog's ears, feeling strongly for the moment that he was a part of the world of men, and had his place there. Then he rustled in the burnt grass, and the hot dry smell of tar-weed recalled him.

"Damn!" he muttered, savagely.

Marshall moved an interrogation.

"Because it's only a dream," said Burlsdon; "I haven't a penny, and am not in favor with my brother. He kicked me over, you know, and after numerous adventures I found myself, with no money, in this damnable sweating valley, condemned to a worthless dog's life with you."

"Hard lot," said Marshall, laconically; "but plenty of whiskey and plenty of tobacco, and I am satisfied."

"You must want something more."

"Occasionally I'm savage for a good dinner—something to look forward to all day. That's about all. If you had your blue-black Spanish girl you would be made."

"I'll have her," cried Burlsdon, suddenly.

Marshall grunted.

"I'll get something out of life," continued Burlsdon, with a burst of reckless eloquence. "If it's going to be a life that's sunk—then what's the matter with the pleasures a man turns to when he has fallen? The devil mixes himself in the game, you think? Well, we will see who comes out ahead! I'll tell you this: I have a strong bull-dog streak in me; when I shut my teeth on a thing I do not let it go in a hurry; and I am going to accept this life and everything it involves; and the devil can take the rest of the world—for all I care!"

He rose as he spoke, loose-jointedly, and tugging at the open neck of his shirt, remarked that he felt like a dried herring; then, cursing place and climate bitterly, he added,

"I am going to turn in."

"That's healthy," answered Marshall, lighting a third pipe.

When he was left alone he fell to contrasting his own life with Burlsdon's, and a streak of envy made the cud of reflection bitter chewing. He had knocked about the outskirts of civilization for so long that it even surprised himself to find shoots of young green feelings stirring within. But, in spite of surprise, they were there, infernally alive, whispering of a past they had never supposed would be, as it had been, chiding him with their tender young faces. He let them nag him insistently, without an effort on his part to push them aside, and finally became conscious that one of the faces decorating the chambers of his mind was Burlsdon. This centred his vague reflections upon one point, and he thought of possible futures for Burlsdon.

He had appreciation enough to recognize in the boy an un-English quality—half consistency and half independent action. He liked it too, for it placed Burlsdon on a level apart from the rest of his countrymen, and whispered that he might be capable of individual action unprescribed by the conventional sense of unity which binds most Englishmen. This touched the chord of appreciation which had always made Marshall an admirer of anything genuine, and he admired Burlsdon's honorable intentions towards the Spanish girl. In his code honorable intentions of that kind were above the surface-line which marked the respectable level of a man's conduct.

He knew very little of the English clergyman and his daughter above the fact that she was his daughter, and that they had always lived in barest poverty in the Las Vegas Valley. Her mother must have been a Spanish woman, he inferred. It was at this word mother that doubt had always blocked the path of speculation and showed him her full face. He had never heard much about the mother, but he knew that she must be dead. A mother is a foregone conclusion, but there are mothers and mothers, and wives and wives; and in these days of frontier life some of the incidents which mar men's conduct in other places cease to cast so black a shadow. Oh, well! Marshall had seen most of the shades of frontier life, and took them for what they were worth; but, as he reflected, some of the remarks which he had heard in the village in connection with the clergyman and his daughter clung to him. Burlsdon had heard them too, but his unsuspicious good-humor never laid stress on such things, and they flowed in at one ear and fell from the other lightly.

"BENEATH THEM A DARK-FACED GIRL WAS SITTING."

"I'll look the thing up," Marshall muttered to himself, as he emptied the ashes from his third pipe, and coughing up a dry frog in his throat, went in-doors, inspired by the thoughts of a pull at the whiskey-flask.

III.

The two Englishmen, without imagination, deciding to accept the philosophy of ranch life, rose early next morning. Marshall had business in Soldiers Hole, a town twelve miles distant, and was bent on getting the start of the sun. They exchanged bitter epithets on the subject of the weather, and Marshall, viewing the hazy sunrise, renewed his predictions of rain, adding:

"A deucedly heavy one, too. It'll be a good three days before I get back, and I'll be surprised if I am not overtaken."

"Cut it short as you can," pleaded Burlsdon, grimacing at the thoughts of three days of solitude.

"I'll do my best," said Marshall; he pulled his horse's cinch tighter, and concealed a twinkle of satisfaction. "Don't take any desperate plunge to relieve yourself."

"Maybe I'm a fool," said Burlsdon; "maybe not."

"You could be, on a pinch, all right enough," retorted Marshall.

Burlsdon ploughed across his sleepy eyes, and said, with a good-humored yawn,

"If I do a thing, it won't be done half-way."

He was standing at the open door in rainbow-colored pajamas, and the look of a hot, restless night lingering about him. Marshall took in the figure of the fair, casual Englishman as he mounted, and repeated his warning:

"Don't jump into a pit you can't get out of."

Burlsdon thought an answer would be useless, so he watched Marshall ride away, and saw the yellow sun creep up over the dark-robed hills. Then he yawned again, and cursed with it, and going in-doors, drank some straight whiskey, telling himself that he was leading a worthless dog's life here.

These burning months of summer drained a man of all his energy, and he was reduced to a pulp, demanding only the animal comforts of life, grovelling somewhere in the lowest spheres—he, a healthy Englishman, physically irreproachable, with pure Saxon blood coursing through him. Heretofore, wherever he had been, this conviction had kept a steady undercurrent of tolerance and self-respect moving within: now even this was to become sluggish. Too lazy to change the pinky pajamas, he stretched himself in a lounging-chair and ruminated bitterly. His reflections tasted ill. His face felt shrivelled and dried from the heat, and his hands were gritty from the pervading white dust.

He let his eyes overrun the burning valley beneath him, and his gorge rose at the familiar sight of the dry yellow meadows and white road. The sky was hueless and misty over it, and the sun, a sullen red ball, hung above a spur of hills clothed in dark redwood. There was a mingling of dry incense odors—the burning gummy smell of eucalyptus with the insistent odor of tar-weed.

The ranch-house stood on a slope, poising over the valley and taking a bird's-eye view of the hot festering earth. Directly opposite a jagged spur of hills arose, tangled with wild buckeye and madrona trees. No thread of wind stirred the silence.

The young man lay stretched and silent, taking what comfort he could from golden-brown tobacco. His mind plunged backwards and took another look at the stirring world of old England which he remembered. He had no place there. He was a miserable younger son, and belonged to the class of men who are ambitious only when circumstances are propitious, and to raise himself from the present humbleness of his position was not to be thought of. He had an enviable adaptability, and could always act just as his circumstances required. His lot had cast him in a stifling California valley, where the climate precluded the possibility of an active life and moving mind. Why not make the most of the sluggish life he was fated to lead here?

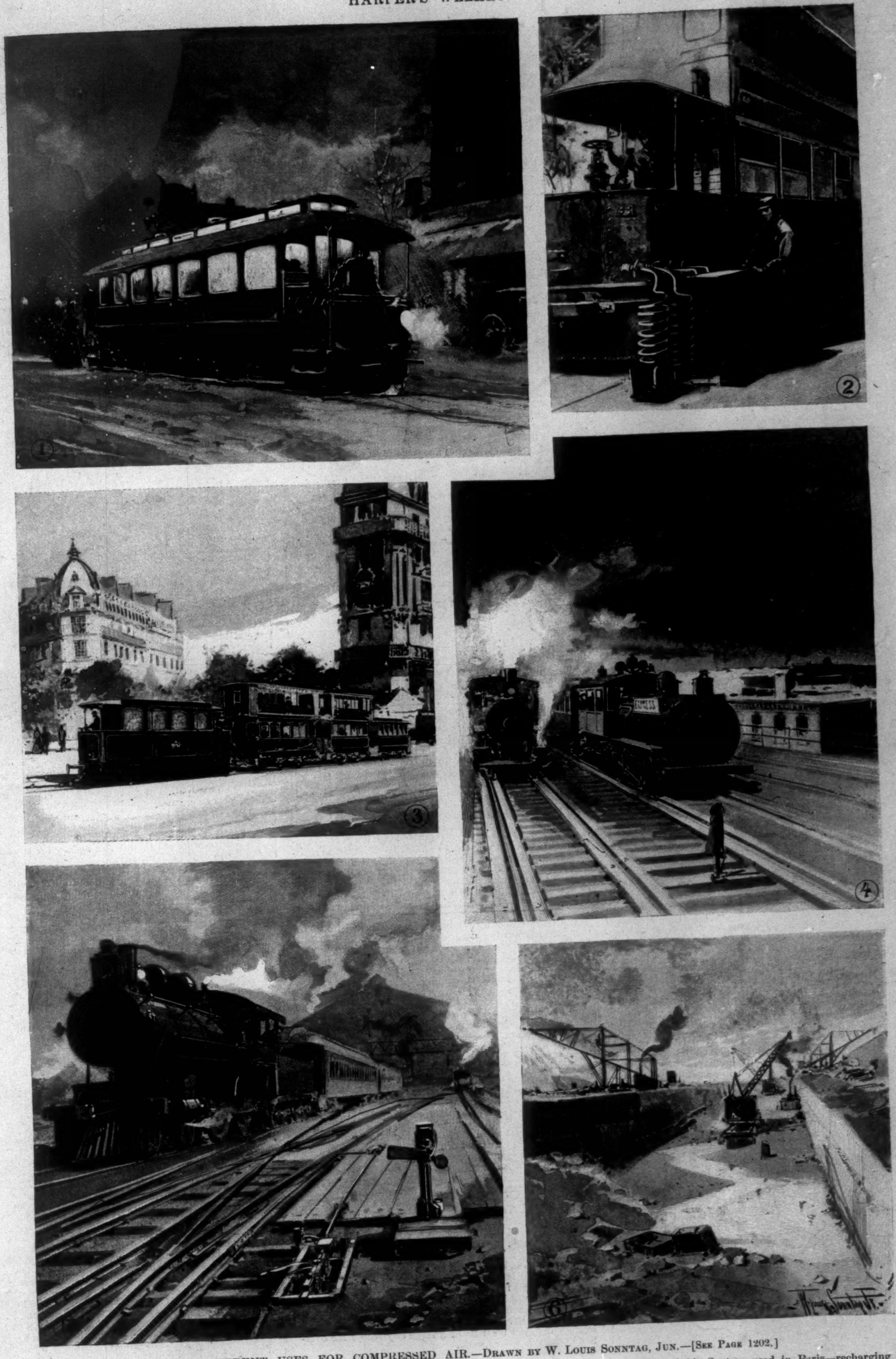
"If I must accept it, let me do it entirely," he thought, recklessly. "Let me be forgotten."

Shadowy pictures of the old English life came back to him, fretfully insistent, mocking him where he lay, and showing him the face of the life he was born to and had been cast from. It was hard to escape them, and their presence was strangely irritating to him. So, to rid himself of them, he must resolutely turn his back upon them. He must sink them—if acceptance means sinking—morally as well as mentally and physically.

He stretched, and told himself that life passed here with a certain black-eyed woman beside him would be an enviable one. A voice with a peculiar hoarse flavor and an occasional break to give it pathos came to him strongly. The girl was thin—even bony—with eyes set in black caverns, and an intensity all her own. He felt her beside him now—with a slow, deep nature hard to move, but, once moving, gathering speed at each step. And he had moved it! He sketched out a future in broad strokes. He would marry the dark-faced Spanish girl—her father would arrange the required formalities—and he would bring her back to the ranch to live. And he must be content to stay with her always, hearing her voice whenever he chose, morning, noon, and night—it would be his music. He laughed at Marshall's sour warnings, and his good-natured liking for the older man sprang forth. Marshall had not a shadow of respect for women, nor was he well-born, nor scrupulous in many ways. In England they would distance each other immeasurable lengths, proscribed by the social scale; but here they slept in one room, drank from the same flask, and gave each other straight talk. The three days without Marshall loomed empty before him. He would go to his Spanish girl and bring the matter to a climax before Marshall came back. He thought of a hasty marriage on the spot, and the bearing home of a bride. This Indian mode of wooing tickled his palate, and the anticipation of Marshall's face on returning to find him a married man moved him to a chuckle. He rose from the long chair and gave an affectionate kick to the Scotch hound—"Pup," he called her, his energy and imagination never having been sufficient to think up another name.

"Well, then, Pup, there'll be two ladies here instead of one," he commented, stumbling over the hound to enter the house, for his resolution was taken. It prompted him, just about the time when the afternoon burned fiercest, to straddle his mustang and ride into the village.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



THE DIFFERENT USES FOR COMPRESSED AIR.—Drawn by W. Louis Sonntag, Jun.—[See Page 1202.]

1. Car using the Hardie Compressed-Air Motor on 125th Street, New York City. 2. The Mekarski Compressed-Air System used in Paris—recharging a Car *en route*. 3. Motor and Train in Paris (Mekarski System). 4. Compressed-Air Locomotive to be operated on the Elevated Railroad in New York City. 5. Switches moved by Compressed Air and controlled by Electricity in the Pennsylvania Railroad Yards. 6. The Use of Compressed Air for drilling, excavating, etc., on the Chicago Drainage Canal.

COMPRESSED-AIR MOTORS.

For the last three months, on the 125th Street surface line in New York city, two new cars have been in operation that offer a novelty in the way of street traction. They run without visible means of propulsion; there is neither overhead trolley, cable, nor conduit; they are very near to noiseless, they run smoothly, and start and stop without jerk or jar. These cars alternate with those propelled by cable, and, save in the smoothness of their operation, there is outwardly nothing to announce that they are unique. They have thus far covered 12,000 miles, and carried some 75,000 passengers, and this not so much without accident as without incident. They are a long stride toward the dream of the street-railway manager—an independent self-contained motor—and that they are successful means much. If the claims of economy are substantial, it is an allowable surmise that this is the traction force of the future in large cities, if not in small.

The new motors represent the latest phase of development in a very wonderful new power which has been rapidly coming into use in the last ten or fifteen years. That is compressed air. The remarkable powers of this force have been largely lost sight of in our modern flood of marvels. If, a hundred years ago, Franklin had made announcement of a way to bottle up the ambient atmosphere in steel flasks, or flasks of any sort, and to tuck these in obscure corners, and use the power resident in them for many and divers conveniences, there is hardly room for doubt that his discovery would have been regarded in that day every whit as extraordinary as his feat of drawing lightning from the clouds. And there are those of competent judgment who believe that if a tithe of the inventive and mechanical genius that has been employed in the development of electricity had been diverted to the perfection of appliances for the use of compressed air, the present relation of these two novel aids of industry would be very different, if not reversed. But electricity was mantled with the glamour of the unknown; for a long time there seemed no limit to its capabilities; it was being applied everywhere and in the most surprising variety of ways; and in the furor it created, compressed air found little favor beside its more brilliant rival.

Of recent years, however, the limitations of electricity have become more clearly defined, and in the mean while compressed air has gained a hearing. There are few, perhaps, outside of those who follow the technical journals, who are aware of the immense progress that has of late been made in the employment of this new power, and the astonishing multiplicity of uses to which it is now put.

The Westinghouse air-brake, and the compressed-air drill that is to be seen almost any day making excavations for buildings and the like, have long ceased to be regarded as novelties. But it is different when we learn that this same force is now used to start cars, and even to run them, and that this same air-drill, working in the mine, has literally added hundreds of millions to the available mineral wealth of the world. The enormous increase in the production of gold, as well as of silver, coal and iron, copper, and other metals, has in no small part been due to this convenient tool. Further, it has been the principal agent in the construction of Chicago's great drainage canal, in many respects one of the most wonderful enterprises of the day.

Then, again, we are all of us aware of the use of compressed air in the Zalinski dynamite gun, which is able to hurl a charge of explosive a mile and a half, sufficient to convert a whole regiment into unrecognizable pulp. It is another matter to learn of this same force cleaning carpets, dusting cushions, and painting cars and barns. And as we go a little further, we find this Protean force operating block signals on our railroads, and steering ships, running clocks, and furnishing cold air for refrigerators, loading guns and handling projectiles on our men-of-war, propelling sewing-machines, doing all sorts of hoisting-work, driving lathes and printing-presses, copying letters, and running summer fans. In Australia it is shearing sheep; in Kansas City beeves are slaughtered and the meat dressed mainly with compressed air. It is an excellent pump, especially for deep wells, and in particular for chemicals. With the same power you may dump a whole train of coal or dirt cars by the pressure of your thumb. It is carving beautiful statuary, and employed in all sorts of stone-work; it makes a good dredge; it raises and lowers railroad gates; it is a valuable agent in the sugar-refinery and in the making of asphalt and rubber, and still again in the delicate manufacture of fine silk. In the coal-mines it is running locomotives, bringing oxygen and life to the exhausted operative, and banishing the fear of deadly explosions. In England a hundred and fifty miles of pneumatic tubing facilitates the rapid transfer of mails, and the same system is in use in Philadelphia, and just recently between New York and Brooklyn. In England, again, employed in the dry docks, compressed air is made to lift huge vessels out of the water as if they were toys, and in the same way it will shortly be introduced on the Erie Canal in working the new quick-action high-lift locks. It is a good fire-extinguisher, and an excellent hoist for grain. It is used by the physician and surgeon in many delicate operations. In the railroad shops of Jersey City and many other points it is everywhere running machinery, lifting huge loads, riveting bolts, driving hammers, sand-papering cars. In Paris, under the famous Popp system, where it has had its widest application, it is employed in almost every conceivable variety of work.

Now that this new power has, so to speak, found its feet, it would be difficult to set limits upon the vast variety of uses to which, in the future, it will be put. It forms the basis of the gigantic project of a great ship-canal from the Great Lakes to the sea, described in these pages a year or more ago, which will be equipped with locks capable of raising an ocean liner to the height of Niagara with the same ease as a clumsy canal-barge is now lifted the height of a bean-pole and with much more rapidity. The bicycle tire, the pneumatic cushion and pillow and horse-collar, are but a beginning of its use in this direction, and it seems now the most convenient power for the automobile carriage. And when it is generated in large central stations, and distributed over the city in the same way that gas and water and electricity are now distributed, you may expect, madam, that it will clean house for you—beat your carpets and clean your walls—and take a general hand in your household affairs. It will pick you up and set you down from floor to floor. It will be waiting for you at your door, and whisk you to the shopping districts. It may treadle the sewing-machine, agitate the dish-washer, and smash your costliest china with all the dexterity and *sang-froid* of your most accomplished handmaiden. All this and much more it may do, if we are to believe some of those who are given to peering into the to-morrow of things. These tell us that even now compressed air is an equal-footed rival of electricity, and that while the latter has been thrusting the steam-engine from the field, compressed air has entered the lists against this latest knight of industry.

In view of all these things, its multiplied uses in the present, and the large possibilities of its future, the wonder of it all now seems that compressed air should not have come in long ago. It is not new, any more than electricity is new. In a sketch of its history in an interesting little periodical, *Compressed Air*, published in New York city, the earliest notable use of this power is set down to the construction of the Mount Cenis tunnel. It was first employed on a large scale in this country in the building of the Hoosac tunnel, along about 1866, and from this time its advancement has been steady and sure. But it has been, apparently, the Cinderella of the mechanical arts. It made its appearance in an age given over to a sort of electrical mania, and there seemed no godmother genius like Tesla or Edison to bring the golden slipper to its neglected hearth.

Three notable steps of advance wrought a striking change in this order of affairs. When compressed air was first tried, it was found that the loss of power was enormous. It was difficult to store, for the air leaked rapidly away; it was expensive to generate, and there were thermo-dynamic difficulties in its use without number. When a thousand cubic feet of air is jammed into the space of one, a large amount of heat is developed, and in order to store and use the air this heat must in some way be drawn off. Similarly, air at high pressure, when released, cools rapidly. The result, if there be a sufficient moisture, is freezing and clogging. For a long time it was thought these difficulties were largely insuperable.

Now, however, these very difficulties are turned to a profit—to such excellent profit, indeed, as to afford an apparent paradox. It seems idle to assert that it is possible to get as much power out of a machine as you put into it—this means a frictionless and wasteless mechanism. And yet a very near approach to just this condition seems to have been made in the case of compressed air. This is due to the development of the reheating process. Lest the reader be not familiar with the technique of the subject, it may not be idle to explain its broader features. In the process of compression the air is sucked into a piston, and then rammed into a reservoir surrounded by a water jacket, the latter drawing off the heat generated in the compression. The machine which does this work is a beautiful affair of what is known as the four-stage type. That is to say, the air is first driven up to about eighty pounds pressure and cooled; then turned into a second cylinder, where it is compressed still further, then cooled again; and so on up to the desired point. Thus even at two or three thousand pounds pressure to the square inch the air within the reservoir remains at somewhere near the temperature of the outside atmosphere. But if the air be used in this condition, not only will a large share of the power employed in compression be lost, but it will, as already noted, have a tendency to freeze everything within reach. If, however, as it is released, it is passed through a heater or is shot through superheated hot water, it will, under the well-known properties of air, enormously expand. In actual practice it has been found possible to add, by reheating, one horse-power to each horse power developed by compression, at one-eighth or one-tenth the original cost of the latter. That is to say, if a given quantity of compressed air costs a dollar to generate, the further expenditure of ten cents in reheating will double its power to do work. Theoretically the total efficiency thus obtained is actually greater than if the same amount of coal had been burned in an ordinary steam-engine and the power thus generated used direct. In practical use it is slightly less.

With the reheating method came a marked improvement in compressing apparatus, in which advance, it is to be noted, the United States has taken the lead. There yet remained a third problem, the same that has baffled the electrician—the question of storage. It was found that air at high pressure is much more penetrating, for example, than steam. Now, however, storage reservoirs have been devised in which the loss from leakage is next to nothing. These are known as Mannesmann tubes, and are simply large, seamless, rolled flasks of mild steel, with but a single vent. These are of high tensile strength, and may be drawn to hold air at very high pressure. With these it is possible to carry a large amount of stored-up energy in a very small space, and without danger, for if these tubes were to burst they would not fly in pieces, but would simply rip, like a leather bag, and beyond a swift rush of air and a loud report there would be no hazard to life. With low cost of generation, economy of expenditure in use, and perfect storage, it remained only to develop the special appliances for its immediate application to give compressed air its present wide range. In particular did this advance make possible its use as a traction agent. The first to experiment in this field were the French. The surface cars to be seen in New York city are by no means the first of their kind. They represent simply an improvement of the well-known Mekarski system of Paris. The latter has been in use in the French capital for something like ten years, and a number of different attempts have been made from time to time to introduce it in this country. The requirements of a service for the narrow and crowded thoroughfares of a city like New York, however, seemed too great for the French system to meet. It was not economical, it was heavy and clumsy, and not feasible in other ways. The Hardie system—that in use in New York city—seems to have overcome these difficulties, and, furthermore, to be able to cope with the peculiar and perplexing conditions which obtain in the congested portions of a large city where the overhead trolley is not allowed.

The cars are identical in appearance, both in side and out, with the type used on the cable or trolley roads, and the motive apparatus is completely hidden from view. It is located entirely beneath the seats and the body of the car, and is controlled by a mechanism that outwardly does not differ from that for the control of the trolley. As the car starts, there is some slight hissing noise, and that is all. The ease with which it is started and stopped does away with the exasperating jerkiness of the cable; and aside from this, the system seems much safer, from the quickness with which the car may be brought to a standstill. In cases of prime necessity the whole force of the compressed air which the car carries may be thrown upon the wheels, and a dead stop from full speed effected in a few feet. The immediate operation would no doubt slightly dislocate the occupants of the car, but it would be a departure from the system of wholesale depopulation and dismemberment which seems the special mission of the trolley. Like the latter, the speed of the motor is variable within wide limits, and much faster runs may be made at night, after the theatre, than is possible with the cable.

The mechanical features of the Hardie motor are exceedingly simple. An apparatus substantially identical with that of the steam-locomotive is supplied with compressed air, instead of steam, from tubes extending under the car seats. These tubes or cylinders are charged at two thousand pounds pressure, but when used the air is passed through a reducing valve, bringing the pressure to one hundred and thirty pounds. The reheating is effected by forcing the air, before its entrance to the valves of the driving-gear, through a chest of superheated water. In its passage through the latter the air is not only enormously expanded, but is converted into a sort of vapor, which, it is claimed, gives a peculiarly high efficiency. In all about fifty-one cubic feet of air is stored in the steel reservoirs, affording sufficient power to run the car fifteen or eighteen miles, including stops. The time occupied in recharging the cars with air and hot water is not more than a minute, so that there is practically no delay. The motor mechanism itself consists of two simple, link-motion, reciprocating engines, which do not differ materially from ordinary steam-engines in their features, save in their use of air. By ingenious device it is possible to start the motor at any point, and there is thus no chance for stoppage over a "dead-centre." It is to be noted that this ability to start promptly under all conditions is a feature the lack of which has been one of the principal causes of failure of air-motors heretofore tried. Still another unique device is that by which a surcharge of air is admitted to the valves in order to accelerate the start, this pressure being shut off when the car gains its full speed. The manipulation of the whole mechanism is exceedingly simple, requiring no more skill than that of the ordinary trolley. The cars move in either direction with equal facility, and are under such perfect control that it is possible to start and stop them within a space of two inches. The same lever that releases the brakes operates the starting-gear, and, similarly, brakes are applied and the air cut off with a single motion of the wrist.

As I am confining myself entirely to the favorable points of the new motor, it may be added that further claim is made for the Hardie motor that it is the cheapest of all systems in point of first cost, since it requires no subterranean or overhead construction, and can be introduced on any track. Each car being independent and carrying its own motive power, no derangement of machinery at the central station or of the "feeder"—that is, of cable or trolley—can affect the whole line. Electrical storms are, of course, no danger, and there are no cables to strand and to afford the reporters for the morning newspapers material for exciting tales of running-away cars. There is no dissipation of energy, as in the case of steam, trolley, or cable, since practically only such power is taken as is actually used. The smoothness of operation represents a further economy, alike of temper and profanity, so that I doubt not the ingenious promoter will hardly fail to represent them as an agency for the moral regeneration of the community.

There remains the single factor of economy of operation. Diligent inquiry upon this point failed to bring forth any really illuminative facts; probably the latter do not exist. It is claimed that compressed air for traction is less than half as expensive as the cable; and there is a further gain in fixed charges, since the cost of insulation is immensely less than in that of the cable of the underground trolley. This can only be demonstrated by actual experiment, such as is now being made in New York. Aside from the trial on the 125th Street line, the same company has now under construction a compressed-air locomotive which will be employed to draw a train of five cars on the Manhattan Elevated Railroad between Rector and 58th Streets. Still further, besides the Hardie system, the Metropolitan Railroad has on trial yet another compressed-air motor, the invention of W. J. Knight and Joseph H. Hoadley. Three cars of the latter construction are now in use on the Lenox Avenue line, but of their capability, as of their special points of construction, the inventors do not as yet care to speak.

The detail of the development of compressed air here given is necessarily but a sketch, but even this will disclose that much more than a beginning has been made. The general use of the new power will come only with the advent of large central distributing stations, from which it can be had as freely as is gas or water now. While in a sense it is a rival of electricity, yet it is not impossible that it will soon become a yokemate rather. The alternating electrical current may be employed to transmit cheap power long distances, as from Niagara and the Pennsylvania culm-banks, and this power converted into compressed air at the point of consumption—electricity being probably the best agent for distance transmission, and compressed air the most mobile form of power for immediate use. Even this is mere conjecture, however, since there is at least one engineering genius—a man of remarkable achievement at that—who has distinctly in view the compression of air at great water-powers like Niagara, conveyance by pipe-lines, at enormous pressure, so far as New York or Philadelphia, and delivery at prices with which electricity cannot compete. But whether as yokemates or rivals, it must be clear to the dullest imagination that present conditions are but a stage, and that we are but on a threshold of the day when these two forces, harnessed and trained, will, from their cheapness and availability, and in their infinite application, lift a considerable share of the burden of physical toil from the shoulders of the race.

CARL SNYDER.

THE CLOCK TICKS ON.

The song that we're singing bears with it
 a moral,
To be taken to heart by the young and
 the old;
While Time, envious fellow, so quietly steal-
 ing,
Shall whisper—go print it in letters of
 gold—
 "The clock ticks on!"

The maiden who trifles with honest affection,
 Who thinks youth eternal, ah! let her
 beware;
She'll find out too late, with a bitter reflection,
 That Time is relentless—she's no longer
 fair.
 "The clock ticks on!"

There's the note that you gave—such an
 easy transaction;
Three long months to elapse ere the pay-
 ment is due.
How hard to consider that Time's stealing
 on you,
And the day of protesting you'll bitterly rue.
 "The clock ticks on!"

Your friends are departing—how sadly you
 miss them—
But you count not the hours so mourn-
 fully told,
And sadly oblivious to time that is passing,
 You dream not a moment that *you're*
 growing old.
 "The clock ticks on!"

H. A. A.

A NEW CLASSICAL ENCYCLOPÆDIA.

The full title of an important book now on the eve of publication, *Harper's Dictionary of Classical Literature and Antiquities*, will be, perhaps, to the general reader, less descriptive than that which is written above as the caption of this article. The actual title connotes *A Classical Dictionary* and *A Dictionary of Greek and Roman Antiquities*, and is therefore strictly accurate, but it hardly suggests the encyclopædic character of the present work. In a single volume we have here not only a restatement of the information contained in a classical dictionary and in a dictionary of antiquities, but also much material gathered in other quarters, together with wholly new contributions by the editor, Professor Harry Thurston Peck, of Columbia University, and of distinguished collaborators in other universities, more than a score. Biography, mythology, geography, history, literature, antiquities, language, bibliography—these are the general heads under which the countless articles may be classified; and the illustrations, of which there are about fifteen hundred, have apparently been chosen with a motive like that which has been approved in the illustrated edition of Green's *Short History*, namely, that the pictures should tell us how men and things appeared to the lookers-on of their day, and how contemporary observers aimed at representing them. In other words, the greater number reproduce exactly objects that have come down to us from antiquity, though restorations by archæologists of distinction and the ideal creations of modern painters and sculptors have not been rejected; and numerous diagrams and maps supplement the information given in the geographical sections. Moreover, the interesting objects are liberally treated—not dismissed with a brief definition, dictionarywise, but made just so many occasions for elaborate special articles, such as one finds in scholarly and literary journals of the better class. The article "Pindarus" is contributed by Professor Gildersleeve, of Johns Hopkins University; that entitled "Homerus," by Professor Seymour, of Yale; "Grimm's Law" and "Verner's Law" are discussed by Professor Benjamin Ide Wheeler, of Cornell; the "Twelve Tables," by Professor Frederick D. Allen, of Harvard, "Umbria" is by Professor Franz Bücheler, of the University of Bonn; "Persia," by Professor K. F. Geldner, of the University of Berlin; "Lexicon," by Dr. Charlton T. Lewis, of New York; "Boulé," "Mycenæ," "Propylæa," "Tiryns," and a number of architectural definitions are by Professor F. B. Tarbell, of the University of Chicago—and so on.

The list is admirable, and would be more fully given but for lack of space. One vital matter, however, as to which the articles have been somewhat carefully tested, should not pass unnoticed Has it been possible to bring up to date the views contained in each one of so great a number of papers? Is the entire work abreast of the times? The question is natural; in fact, a well-known writer and teacher of English—one of those to receive the degree of Doctor of Letters at the Princeton sesquicentennial—was saying the other day that a certain volume of essays contained shop-worn errors, and added, "Why, these mistakes have been corrected *even in the encyclopædias!*" . . . He had not seen this volume, in which a lively quest of abandoned opinions has, up to the time of the present writing, produced but one small specimen. On pages 867 and 1612 the assertion that the Homeric Ilios was the second of the seven cities on the Hissarlik site might be less positive, for the matter is surely put in doubt by the latest news from Troy. On the other hand, much of the reading matter has the freshness of a current number of a periodical. For example, you may listen to the contention of Dr. Wilhelm Dörpfeld (who is now lecturing in this country), that in the early Greek theatre there was no raised stage, "actors and chorus performing their parts together on the same level"; and noticing that this is announced in the papers as a new and startling theory, you may turn to the article *Theatrum* in the work under review. On pages 1550 and 1551 Dr. Dörpfeld's theory is fully and fairly stated, together with the considerations that tell in favor of the received view—which is that Greek actors at every period had a raised stage. As this example shows, controversy has not been excluded, but, in the interest of condensation, it has apparently been avoided in cases of mere heresy or unimportant divergence.

So I should say that this "dictionary," primarily a book of reference, is much more than merely that, for it is, in its own way, a thoroughly readable book And, if I may judge from my own pleasant experience as I have held its advance sheets (1716 large pages) for hours together, finding it heavy in the hand, but self-sustaining and buoyant in the mind, I should say that readers not a few in active life will turn to it sometimes, not in preparation for class-room tasks to come, but for recreation after tasks fulfilled, and may be one or two will afterwards search their library shelves for misplaced dusty volumes of Greek and Latin texts. There certainly ought to be stimulus here, for here is a new achievement, the latest expression of the new method in classical studies

Now, as for such studies, three periods have been quite distinctly marked in the change that has taken place recently my reader need not be an old graduate by any means to verify each of the three from his personal observation. At many of our colleges less than twenty years ago the study of classical literature still retained all of its immemorial privilege unimpaired. It was supreme and favored and comparatively unprogressive. Next, a challenge came from those who pressed the claims of more utilitarian branches, and "the study of ancient life and thought, deposed from its old supremacy," as Professor Peck justly says, "was made to take its place beside those subjects of investigation that derive their interest mainly from the appeal which they can make to tastes and motives that are essentially commercial and mechanical" In effect, privilege was withdrawn, competition was permitted to do its wholesome work, and the friends of the old order were put on their mettle and their good behavior—most fortunately and with the happiest results, as I think. To quote again from Professor Peck's preface: "The teachers of the classics, under this new system, which takes nothing for granted, and ascribes no pre-eminent value to the study and investigation of the past, have been forced to rouse themselves to a demonstration of that value." And thus was inaugurated the third period, characterized by a new and vigorous life, a broader interpretation and more sympathetic reading of the masterpieces of the literature of the two great nations, and the encouragement of original research—more especially in the field of archæology. The attack was made upon a splendidly organized body, and the result of it was not defeat but propulsion all along the line. It concerns us at present to note that, of the small-arms of education, the text-books, such as had been regarded as efficient were rapidly antiquated, and that their place is now being taken by those which embody the new learning. We are even at liberty to hope that a fourth period is just beginning. A daily newspaper has remarked as a sign of the times the spirit manifested at the exercises attending the recent dedication of that tower in the Yale quadrangle which is to be the headquarters for classical study at the New Haven university; and it is a significant fact that the main entrance to the college campus is the arched gateway that this tower surmounts The end of the century that has jogged and jostled Greek, and actually shoved it from its place in our university curricula, may furnish a new demonstration, both to the reformers and to those who have carried around on their persons bits of the Parthenon wrapped in velvet, that the value of the classics, being due to the spirit that inspired them—a devotion to ideal beauty and ideal truth—is wholly indestructible and independent of fashion and the caprice of any single generation. Teachers who have as their theme such a theme as this may win back more than the old following conscription having been abandoned, a still larger army of volunteers may be enrolled.

Marrion Wilcox.

NEWLY ELECTED GOVERNORS.

Andrew E. Lee, Governor-elect of South Dakota, was born near Bergen, Norway, in 1847. When a child his parents left Norway and came to the United States, the family settling in the neighborhood of Cambridge, Dane County, Wisconsin. In his boyhood Mr. Lee worked on his father's farm, attending when he could the public schools.

When he was about sixteen he became a clerk in a country store, remaining in that position until he was of age. In 1869 he moved to Vermillion, South Dakota, and established the firm of Lee & Prentiss, for carrying on a general merchandise, produce, and live-stock business. On one of the letter-heads of Lee & Prentiss in use to-day may be read: "Breeders of Short-Horn Cattle. Established in 1869."

Mr. John W. Leedy, who has been chosen Governor of Kansas, was born in Richland County, Ohio, in 1849. His father was a farmer, and for the larger part of his life Mr. Leedy followed agricultural pursuits. In 1881 he moved to Kansas, and bought a farm in Coffey County. In 1883 he went into the live-stock business at Leroy. When the Missouri Pacific extended its lines into that part of Kansas where Mr Leedy had an interest, he found employment in the construction department. In 1892 he was nominated for State Senator, to represent the district composed of Coffey and Franklin counties. He entered into the political campaign with vigor, and gained some local

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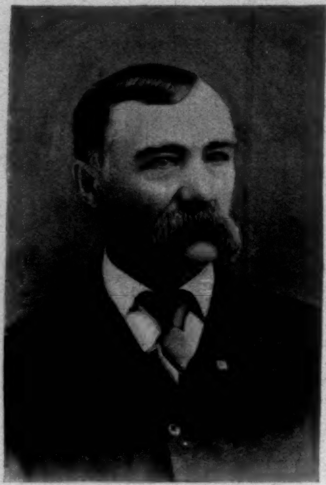
reputation as a ready speaker. He was chosen State Senator and became a member of the Legislature of 1893. To Mr. Leedy is due in no small measure the adoption of the Australian ballot law, and he was chairman of the commission formed to report on it.

Robert L. Taylor, the Governor-elect of Tennessee, is in his sixty-sixth year. He belongs to a family which has had for many years a strong political influence in the State. He is the son of the late Rev. N. G. Taylor. The first entrance Robert L. Taylor made in politics was in 1876, when he became a candidate for Congressional honors, and was defeated. As a campaign orator at that time he met with much success. The peculiarities of one of his later campaigns was that his brother, Alfred A. Taylor, stumped the State in opposition to him, Robert being the Democratic and Alfred the Republican candidate. The contest was an amicable one, and has been described as "a duel of principle, not of personality." The story is told that after the long speeches of the two brothers they would amuse the tired Tennessee mountaineers by the performance of a duet on fiddles, the two men being skilful players. Robert L. Taylor has been before this Governor of the State, and after a long interregnum once more assumes the leading position in Tennessee.



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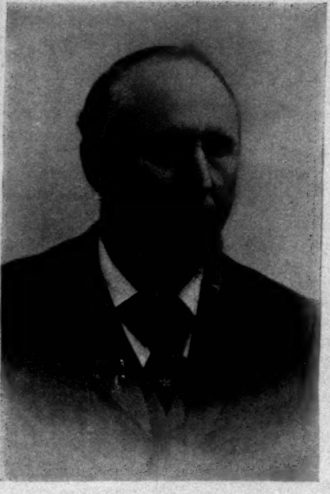
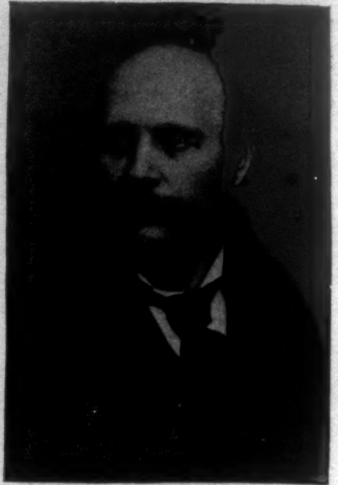
Governor-elect of South Dakota.



JOHN W. LEEDY (*Populist and Democrat*),
Governor-elect of Kansas.



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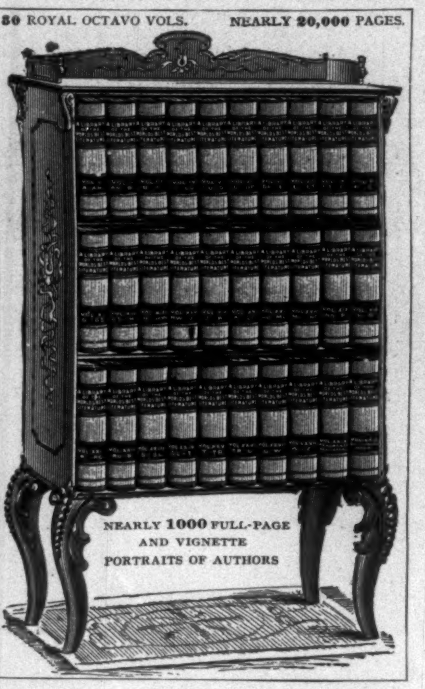

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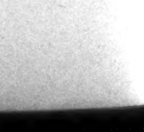


Sprague Correspondence School of Law,
33 Telephone Building, Detroit, Mich.

AMATEUR SPORT

HARVARD ON PENNSYLVANIA'S ONE-YARD LINE, WHENCE BOUVÉ CARRIES THE BALL OVER FOR HARVARD TOUCH-DOWN.

New eligibility rules governing candidates for football and baseball teams are needed at many of the smaller colleges, which too long have tolerated customs inimical to the healthful tone of their sport. Perhaps no rule is so urgently required as one positively forbidding to undergraduates vacation membership on so-called "summer" or "resort" nines. Let me add, for the purpose of clearer understanding and of classification, if so the need be, that by "summer" or "resort" nines is meant those promiscuous groups of ball-players which gather at populous sea-side or up-country towns, and play ball for their board and lodging. These may be called "summer"-nine players of the second class. Those of the first class are rewarded more generously, receiving, in addition to board and lodging, a salary, which may be on a season's contract or paid out at so much per game. Both classes of players are employed by enterprising advertisement-seeking hotel-proprietors, and in some cases, deplorably enough, by athletic clubs from whose governors one might reasonably expect more consideration for the ethics of amateur sport.

There is no objection to college men, during vacation, playing on nines organized among the residents of any given locality, which play for the sport the game provides, and where admission-fees are not charged. But no ball-player with regard for his amateur standing should play on a nine of which one or more members are salaried, or at whose exhibitions entrance-money is demanded of spectators.

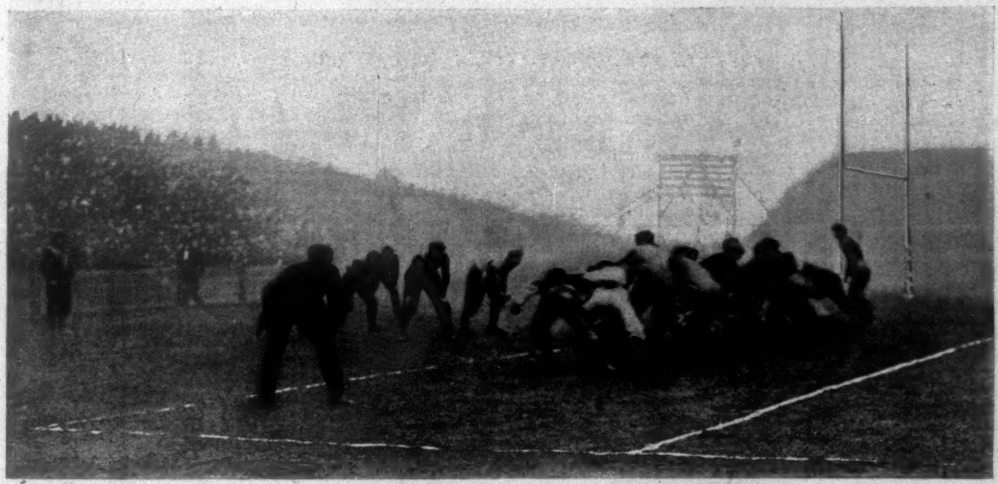
An amateur athlete, in fact, should never take part in any contest where gate-money is charged, except, if he be an undergraduate, to represent his college, or, if a member of a legitimate and active athletic club, as its representative.

The larger universities of the East recognize the value of these ethical distinctions, and have provided rules for their respect; but the Western colleges, with a few honorable exceptions, and the majority of the smaller Eastern colleges, appear singularly unmindful of their importance. There is some excuse for the West, which, geographically speaking, is far removed from the centre of athletic reform, and must receive its convictions slowly through local experience and by close observation of the experience of the older Eastern universities. But no such excuse may be offered for Eastern colleges that are within hearing of repeated admonition and have the disciples of wholesome sport at their very doors. There is no lacking of example or precept in the East.

How indifferent some have been to the ethics of amateur sport, and how slow to profit by the examples by which they are surrounded, may be understood when I state that only last March did Lehigh and Lafayette, two of the most important of smaller Eastern colleges, mutually agree that members of their athletic teams "shall not contest hereafter elsewhere for a financial consideration"! Only on the principle that half a loaf is better than no bread is this rule conciliatory. Certainly it is not satisfactory. If "elsewhere" were stricken out, we might offer our congratulations and have greater faith in the results of a seemingly tentative attempt at reform.

The dispute Lafayette and Lehigh had at the close of the football season over the eligibility of a Lafayette football-player provides a striking illustration of the imperative need for ruling rigidly against the "summer"-nine baseball-player. Lafayette had a half-back named Barclay, who, in January, 1896, signed a contract with the Chambersburg (Penn.) baseball nine to play for a salary. After the agreement was made between Lehigh and Lafayette, he endeavored, at the direction of Professor March, of Lafayette's athletic committee, to withdraw from this contract, without success. He then repudiated the contract, and returned a cheque for twenty-five dollars which had been sent him by the manager of the Chambersburg club. The latter refused to accept the cheque, and returned it. "After considerable correspondence, Barclay, still acting under Professor March's advice, and under a threat of a lawsuit, consented to play for a part of the season for expenses only, according to his own statement."

He played on the Chambersburg nine for a day or so over three weeks, his board and lodging and transportation being provided him. In addition to the twenty-five-dollar cheque, he received orders for about sixty-five dollars on the Chambersburg club treasurer, which on their face were described as being "on advance" or "for salary."



PENNSYLVANIA HAS HARVARD ON HER THREE-YARD LINE WITHIN FIVE MINUTES AFTER KICK-OFF.

Lehigh protested Barclay on the ground that he had been paid for his baseball-playing by the Chambersburg club, under the guise of expenses which were not warranted.

The Lafayette committee was of the opinion that these facts did not render Barclay ineligible under their agreement, on the ground that, as they interpreted them, there was no proof whatever of Barclay's statement, that this money was used for legitimate expenses only, being untrue. They believed their view was confirmed by Professor March's connection with the affair, and by a telegram from the manager of the Chambersburg team, in which he stated: "Barclay signed contract to play with Chambersburg nine for summer of '96. Later he asked for release and was refused. He subsequently repudiated contract. In month of June Barclay played with us to compromise troubles arising out of his breaking contract, for which he was given pass from Easton to Chambersburg, and hotel bill in Chambersburg. Meeting other expenses himself, he asked for reimbursement, and same was given." Lafayette's committee also called attention to the fact that more than $50 in Barclay's expense account was, "according to his own testimony," for railroad fare, mask, and gloves.

The Lehigh committee, on the contrary, held that the facts justified them in adhering to their protest, on the grounds: First, that a large part of the payments to Barclay were expressly described as for salary; second, that the amount received greatly exceeded the sum that could be fairly covered by the term "legitimate expense"; and third, that the telegram from the manager did not exclude payments for salary.

I have gone into this matter pretty thoroughly, first, because it is a typical illustration of the character of disputes that are continuously arising, and will continue to arise so long as "summer"-nine-playing is permitted college undergraduates; and second, because the facts have been submitted to me by both Lehigh and Lafayette, with the request for an expression of opinion.

In my judgment, based on the evidence before me, Lehigh was fully justified in protesting Barclay, and of subsequently cancelling the game with Lafayette, when the latter insisted on playing him.

According to the evidence shown, the total compensation received by Barclay for three and a half weeks' ball-playing on the Chambersburg nine amounted to:

1. Railroad transportation from Easton to Chambersburg twice.
2. Board and lodging while at Chambersburg.
3. Eighty-five dollars in cash.

What "other expenses" an amateur could legitimately incur beyond transportation and board I cannot imagine. Barclay itemizes mask, gloves, and protector in his statement, and we credit his claim, although it is usual with clubs to furnish such necessary equipment to their players. But this would still leave sixty-five dollars for "other expenses" for which we can conceive no need in the legitimate requirement of an amateur.

The Chambersburg manager's telegram, furthermore, does not satisfactorily quiet the suspicion created by Barclay's receipts for money as on "advance" or "for salary." It scarcely seems likely that a man would receipt as due on salary the reimbursements of legitimate expense-money he had used. We may be excused if we err in assuming a college man to have too clear an understanding of his mother-tongue to make such a blunder.

If Barclay is the victim of circumstance, it is unfortunate, but all the testimony submitted, and disputed on no material issue, points to an unwavering conclusion that Lehigh's claim of his having received money over and above the legitimate expenses of an amateur is entirely justifiable and tenable.

Lafayette is not the only offender among the smaller Eastern colleges in this matter of "summer"-nine toleration, and it is to be earnestly hoped that the lessons of the past season will bear fruit in the one to come. We wish to see Brown, which is now making such excellent progress in collegiate sport, adopt rules in this particular like those of the larger universities with which it seeks athletic relations. And we want to see an end to "summer"-nine toleration at Dartmouth, Williams, Amherst, Lehigh, and Lafayette. We want some new rules at these smaller colleges that will curb professional inclinations, and make it impossible for a man to attend college only long enough to play in a single football game; like, for instance, Yost of West Virginia, who played on Lafayette against University of Pennsylvania in the game won by the former, and immediately thereafter left college. Let us be given assurances of a student's athletic *bona fides;* healthful

HARVARD-PENNSYLVANIA—HARVARD'S FORMATION ON THE OFFENCE—GUARD BACK.

sport cannot be had with diseased participants, and sport without health cannot ultimately prosper.

We have been patiently awaiting reform in these matters, and our patience is about exhausted. We hope well-disposed admonition will be convincing, and our columns spared the mention of individual offenders.

WE GIVE SPACE TO THE FOLLOWING LETTER, not originally written for publication, but published now by permission, as telling the other side of the story, and, moreover, because it touches so knowingly and fairly upon the difficulties smaller college athletic committees have to encounter in the endeavor to keep their sport clean. It is worthy of careful reading.

EASTON, PENNSYLVANIA, *November* 21, 1896.

DEAR SIR,—Your letter was duly received.... I may say at once that Lafayette has already a number of eligibility rules, and that we propose shortly to enact rules that shall be even more stringent.

We now require every player to be a regular student, graduate, or undergraduate, or, if a special student, he must have a schedule of at least twelve hours a week, and must have attended college at least two terms before he is eligible to play.

The athletic association is forbidden to give any "inducement," financial or otherwise, to any person to enter the college. Players must obtain permission from home and from the faculty before they can play. These rules have been sufficient to give us teams which were entirely honest.

Only once, before this year, have we had a player who came to us from another college. He was Hart of Swarthmore, a nephew of our Professor Hart. We have never had any summer ball-players, so far as I can remember, until Barclay and Walbridge succumbed to Manager Mackey, of Atlantic City. Only once, before Rowland, have we had a player with us more than four years. That was Camp, afterward of Penn., who played here when there were no rules of eligibility, and when the association was not controlled by an athletic committee.

Now I take it that there is no harm in playing ball during the summer *per se*, or in men who come from other colleges joining our teams. The danger lies in possible frauds—in the buying of men from poorer colleges, in the introduction of professionalism to our teams. I contend that we have never had cause to pass rules against either players from other colleges or players who have played four years. These were not live issues to us. And last year for the first time the reforms at the larger institutions led managers of summer teams to go to colleges of our size for players. It would be unfair to disqualify men who, in the absence of any prohibitive rule, had played on a summer team. Such a rule ought not to be retroactive.

I spoke in my former letter of the impracticability of reforms, unless our close rivals also adopted such reforms. You think we would be in "an enviable position before the public" if we adopted reform rules. Perhaps you, no doubt, would give us a kindly word. The rest of the sporting world would be indifferent. And then Lehigh, with summer-team players like White or Petuken, ... or players of eight years' experience like McClung, would overwhelm us when we next played. And then what sympathy would we receive?

My experience is that in athletics virtue is usually its own reward. We had some experience of that this year. We took what seemed to me to be the only honorable course in refusing, after our Penn. game, to rearrange our schedule and go hunting for gate-money. Yet we have been "roasted" for that everywhere, so far as I have seen, except by you. Your kind words were much appreciated, but by others we have been called "foxy," "cowardly," "unsportsmanlike." Many even of our own alumni do not stand by us. One writes me: "There is too much sentiment and not enough business ability at Lafayette. I have seen a dozen alumni here, and we will not subscribe another cent to help you until you get a little common-sense." That is the way the dear public appreciates our honorable course. How much worse would it be if we were deliberately to put ourselves at a disadvantage as compared with other colleges of our size, in the selection of teams! The public worships success. It cares nothing for honorable conduct, except, perhaps, in one of the large universities. It would be easy for us to adopt stringent rules if we were in the same class as Harvard, Yale, or Princeton. As it is, it is hard. However, we intend, as I said before, to adopt new rules—a four-year rule, a previous-residence rule, and a rule forbidding in the future the playing upon quasi-professional summer teams.

Now with regard to the questions about players contained in your letter:

First, Rowland would not have been eligible to a Harvard, Yale, or Princeton team on account of the four-year rule at those universities. I do not see that his work upon the Lehigh Valley Railroad last year affects the case. Our man Rinehart worked all last summer putting down asphalt roads. Jones left college last spring and taught school, returning this fall. Is it not fair to play them? I like such men. Rowland's job was ended, and he returned here of his own accord to do some post-graduate study. Our management had not even thought of him as a possibility, but of course was delighted to get him....

Yost is a young fellow of some means and much football ambition. He came here, he said, because he was desirous of belonging to a college which played football against the leading teams of the country, and that he intended to stay here two years. As we have no previous-residence rule for regular students, I could not have stopped him from playing if I had wished, nor, in fact, did it occur to me to do so.

At Philadelphia he hurt himself badly and was much discouraged. Just before election he left here to vote at his home in West Virginia .... but intends to return here later. We all agree that it ought not to be possible for a man to play on our team who is only here for three weeks, and intend to pass a rule which shall stop it for the future.

I have written at this length hoping to show you, first, that we are all ready for reforms, and secondly, that we have acted in good faith according to the rules we had in the past....

Yours very truly,

F. A. MARCH, JUN.

IT IS UNQUESTIONABLY TRUE that the paths of reform-seeking faculty and athletic committee members are not strewn with roses; it is true, too, that coarse-grained, avaricious *alumni* and the mere amusement-seeking public "worship success." These concern themselves not with the ethics of sport or the difficulties of athletic mentorship; they view football simply as an exhilarating entertainment, and have trouble enough of their own in their especial vocations. Every department of human endeavor has its particular trials and tribulations, and its sponsors. To the latter we look for a strict and proper accounting. And the public, the best public, that public which makes the wheels of this great industrial fair of ours, life, go around, measures the worth of those sponsors, and by its support or its censure attests its appreciation and watchfulness.

We do not expect our college faculties or athletic committees to be swayed by a few sordid *alumni* who have no thought beyond this season's game, any more than we expect the Senate of the United States to be intimidated by clamorous anarchists on the Capitol's steps. We do expect them to know what best suits the general prosperity of the country, and to legislate accordingly. So do we expect college faculties and athletic committees to know what course of action is best fitted to the prosperity of college sport, and to follow that course despite the immoderate cavils of a few unthinking critics.

AND THIS EPHEMERAL SUCCESS—like the winning of a single game, for instance, which an indiscriminating part of the public "worships"—what influence has it on the final adjustment of a college's position in the world of sport? Literally none. There can be no success in sport except that which comes to crown general prosperity, and sport may not be prosperous unless its basis is healthful. The mere winning of a game is not the only success to be achieved in sport; if it were, prosperity would be short-lived. And, taking the other end of the argument, consistent success can result only from adherence to healthful fundamentals.

This is not mere ethical theorizing. Study the history of sport in this country and you will find that wherever and whenever the fountain-head of any game has become corrupt, prosperity has been denied. You will find, too, that individuals or associations, successful during a period of wholesome existence, have become unsuccessful when they have degenerated to unwholesome methods in a pitiably unwise attempt to recuperate temporarily depleted forces.

THE PUBLIC TO WHICH COLLEGE SPORT APPEALS, and the only public to which college faculties and athletic committees should address themselves, is entitled to our full respect. It is an enlightened public, alive to the great value of wholesome sport, and in full sympathy with all sensible efforts to maintain that health. It is made up of the fathers of present undergraduates and the prospective fathers of undergraduates to come. It is the public to which every college faculty is in part responsible for the mental and moral and physical well-being of Young America.

Make no mistake that this public lacks discernment; that it does not distinguish between health and unwholesomeness; that it confuses a one-game success with the prosperity of sport. This is the public which does appreciate the efforts of college faculties and others in the direction of clean, wholesome sport, and that does not renounce its faith in the good work, or transfer its fealty because of defeat by a rival with less consideration for amateur sport.

IT IS GRIEVOUS that the status of so stanch an amateur as R. C. Lehmann, and one certain to work such good to American oarsmanship through the establishment of a system of rowing at Harvard, should be assailed by an American newspaper. I read in the New York *Herald* of November 4 that "Mr. R. C. Lehmann is a type of amateur who, after taking his university degree, maintains himself by coaching college crews, whether of his own university or not. In other words, Mr. Lehmann is a professional coach."

This is news indeed to those at all familiar with English university boating, and who know Mr. Lehmann and his work as a coach. Perhaps a little trustworthy information from one who has enjoyed Mr. Lehmann's friendship for several years may prove a serviceable if belated addition to the *Herald's* files. Mr. Lehmann has never received a shilling for coaching an English crew, either by way of travelling or other expenses. He has not received and will not receive a cent for coaching Harvard. He pays his travelling expenses out of his own pocket, and except in so far as being the guest of his old Cambridge friend, Francis Peabody, Jun., pays all his expenses. Besides which, I happen to know that twice he has given Cambridge a racing-boat, several times has entertained at his country house, for a fortnight at a time, the Oxford and the Cambridge crews, and once or twice given each crew a Saturday to Monday trip to Brighton.

This recital does not show Mr. Lehmann to be very much in pocket through his connection with university rowing and his love for the sport. One can hardly expect the average sporting-hack to conceive a man's being in any game for pure love of it, but it is a pity a metropolitan newspaper should have sources of information so unreliable. Mr. Lehmann may find consolation in the knowledge that American newspaper-readers choose their sporting literature advisedly.

BROWN'S LAST YALE GAME was a plucky struggle for a team with a line that was pretty well tired out before play began—a right guard, Coombs, with a splintered rib, a left guard, Wheeler, who got out of a sick-bed to fill his position, and a quarter-back with an abscess on his neck. The small colleges do not have the number of substitutes upon which the large university teams may draw in times of need. Yale made no runs of importance, but secured her gains by hammering the Brown line. Few holes were made by Yale, Brown being forced back by the superior skill and strength of the Yale mass formations.

Fultz was the particular star of the day, and proved himself one of the best half-backs of the year. He made three splendid runs, one for thirty yards around Yale's end to the 5-yard line, and another around the same end and through about the entire Yale team, eighty-five yards, for a touch-down. So notable was this performance as to entitle it to mention as among the notable runs of American football.

At the opening of the second half, when Fultz made this touch-down and kicked a goal, the score was 6-4 in Brown's favor, but Yale thereafter played desperately, and by revolving-wedge and guard plays ran up her score to 18.

WEST POINT PLAYED AT A DISADVANTAGE in her tie game with Wesleyan, but that is not saying Wesleyan failed of putting up hard scientific football. It was one of the most exciting games of West Point's season, and would have resulted in an 18 to 12 score, instead of 12-12, had Connor kicked a goal at every trial. West Point scored three touch-downs, one each by Connor, Romeyn, and Waldron; and Wing, for Wesleyan, made two, and kicked a goal each time. The West Point line was not so strong as usual, owing to the absence of Humphrey from guard and Scales from tackle. In general play the cadets were stronger than Wesleyan, their interference forming more quickly, and being more effective once under way. Wesleyan's play, however, was creditable in every respect, and to have tied so strong a team as West Point is a feather that may be stuck with much pardonable pride in the '96 football cap.

BUT WEST POINT'S GREAT GAME was that with Brown, whom the cadets defeated, 8 to 6. It revealed the strongest work West Point has shown this year, and found Brown very fit, and it was an exciting game, too. For fifteen minutes of the first half the play was all over the field, until Fultz was rushed for a Brown touch-down, and that ended the scoring in this half. The cadets were more aggressive in the second half, Humphrey starting off with a forty-five-yard run, followed by a series of end runs by Connor, who finally went through the line for a touch-down. Romeyn missed the goal, and the score stood 6-4 in favor of Brown until five minutes before end of game, when Connor made a second touch-down, and again Romeyn failed to kick a goal, this time a difficult one. The cadet rush-line was the stronger, and their tackling the sharper.

HAD PENNSYLVANIA PLAYED against Cornell on Thanksgiving day, '96, as on the corresponding day of '95, there is no telling what the final score in her favor might not have been. It is very unlikely Cornell would have made two touch-downs, despite Captain Beacham's fine work. Cornell was not nearly so strong this year as last, and the football year has been disappointing to *alumni* and undergraduates. The season has been an unfortunate one, but if Cornell is wise in her generation, a good lesson will have been learned. There was excellent material at the start, and the prospects for a strong team were good. But many accidents and several blunders changed the outlook several weeks ago. It is difficult at long range to locate the direct cause, but I believe I am pretty close when I attribute it to great and unreasonable expectations.

Cornell has really been playing out of her class, and this is said in all kindness. An exceptionally strong team two or three years ago raised a standard of performance against older rivals up to which, without the necessary football tradition and general knowledge of the game, Cornell has been trying to live. That she has done so very well under the circumstances reflects great credit on the university. But it is time now to settle to the belief that before consistent form may be attained, it is necessary to decide upon a system of coaching, and to develop coaches from home material. That is, Cornell must rely upon her own graduated players for coaching.

To have a Harvard man one year and a Yale man the next is not the surest way of establishing either system or tradition, and I think this past season has made many Cornell converts to my opinion. I expect to see an adoption of this idea at Ithaca next year, and with the material always to be had, and the enthusiastic and sportsmanly spirit which Cornell puts into all her athletic endeavors, I confidently look for good results. Once such a system is established, we shall see the standard of play steadily raised, and in a few years Cornell teams in the same class with Harvard, Yale, Princeton, and Pennsylvania.

IT WAS A PLUCKY GAME Cornell played against Pennsylvania, just such a one as she had contested with Princeton earlier in the season, the eventual result in both games never being in doubt. When the teams played a kicking game neither had much of an advantage, but when Pennsylvania let loose her application of the tandem-play principles and set her guard's back-interference in motion, Cornell could offer only a stubborn though unavailing resistance. Pennsylvania's play at times was loose, and at no time revealed that fierce urgency of effort which characterized her work against Harvard. A fumble on her own 25-yard line really cost her one of Cornell's touch-downs, and Beacham's series of end runs for twenty and thirty yards at a time earned Cornell her other touch-down. Beacham's work throughout the game was high class. He worked Pennsylvania's ends time and again, ably aided by Taussig and Tracy, and backed by interference that was quite the best thing Cornell did.

Captain Wharton did much of Pennsylvania's punting, and did it fairly well. Weeks was steadier at quarter than against Harvard, though the fumbling that has been a season's characteristic of this eleven was yet in evidence. Gelbert played his usual steady, reliable game, and closes another season as one of the best half-backs in American football. Pennsylvania's ends were the weakest points on the line. Uffenheimer at tackle and Overfield at centre sustained their reputations of being two of the best first-year men of this season. Pennsylvania made six touch-downs and forced Cornell to a safety, for 32 points, to Cornell's two touch-downs and one goal—10 points.

BROWN'S GAME AGAINST THE INDIANS, whom she defeated Thanksgiving day on Manhattan Field, New York, 24 to 12, was the best football I have seen that university show. In its way it was somewhat similar to Princeton's, insomuch as the men were all into every play. Brown's greatest gains, in fact most of them, were made around the Indians' ends, who seemed completely puzzled by the manœuvres of their opponents. And even when they did divine the play, Brown's interference, nine times of ten, swept them out of dangerous proximity. Although Brown gave an infinitely faster and more scientific exhibition of football, and won entirely on the merits of her play, it is equally true that the Indians failed of showing the dash and aggressive strength which marked their work several weeks ago. It may be that they were stale, or it may be that Brown's somewhat, to them, unexpected prowess demoralized the Carlisle eleven, but at all events they were fairly beaten.

Brown's line did yeoman service against their very much heavier opponents, but the notable work for the university was done by Murphy and Summersgill and Chace on the ends, by Colby at quarter, and Gammons and Fultz at half-back. Fultz has made an enviable reputation this year by his hard line-bucking and end-skirting, and he added to it on Thanksgiving by several long runs in which he was practically unaided by interference. He has a way of squirming through a line and dodging tacklers that even Yale found difficult to check at all times, and that once carried him across the goal-line of the New Haven team for a touch-down. Gammons was an able side-partner on Manhattan Field, and made an equally brilliant showing. Such repeated gains would not have been possible had the Indians known a little more football, but as it was, Brown blocked them so successfully as to give her runners practically an open field every time they got through the line or around the ends.

Comment on other games deferred to next week.

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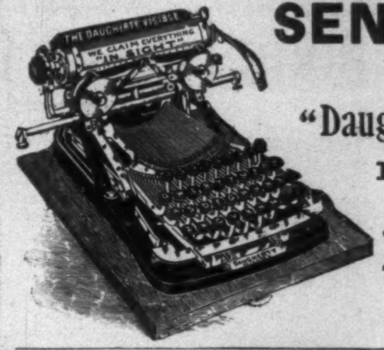

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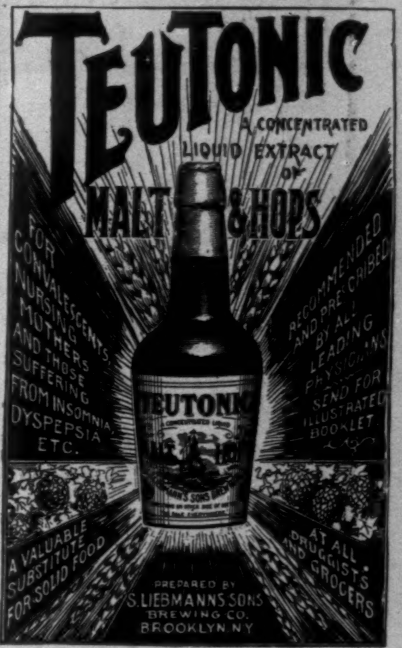

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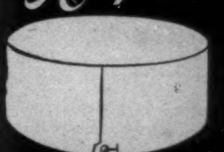

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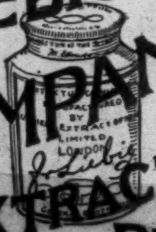

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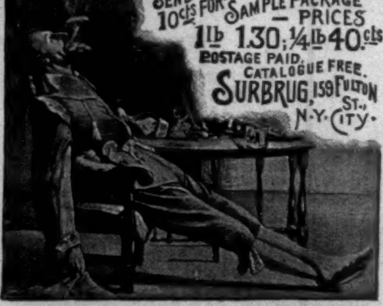

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